

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HISTORIC  
MILESTONES



PAINTED FOR THE COMPANION BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE



FRANKLIN IN FRANCE·WEARING HIS PLAIN HOMESPUN WITH QUIET DIGNITY IN THE PRESENCE OF AN ELEGANT AND LUXURY-LOVING COURT·IS MORE THAN A FIGURE IN DIPLOMATIC HISTORY.. HE IS THE EMBODIMENT OF A GREAT NATIONAL IDEAL—THAT WISDOM·INTEGRITY AND SELF-RESPECT SHALL STAND UNABASHED EVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF KINGS

OCTOBER 9, 1924

THIS MILESTONE COVER  
IS DEDICATED BY THE PUBLISHERS  
TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE



## The age of "thrills!" It has one special need which must be supplied unfailingly

High school days—the feverish age of thrills! So much excitement; so much activity—study, athletics, parties. No wonder the strength is so often overtaxed and "nerves" begin to develop!

Even in the morning—the freshest hours—they often get droopy and dull, these High School girls and boys. And all because they start the day lacking one great essential!

Their greatest need, at this age, is a constant, abundant supply of energy. Vital energy to meet all the exacting demands put upon them!

Food, of course, must supply this energy. So they should have food of known energy value. But it must also be very simple to digest—releasing its energy quickly for use without wasting any in hard work of digestion.

This very combination you get in an old-favorite food—in Cream of Wheat! It is made of the best hard wheat—that part richest in energy units which scientists call carbohydrates. Of all food materials, these are most simply and most quickly digested. In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat begins in the mouth.

So with Cream of Wheat for breakfast, you can fortify your girl or boy with needed morning energy. And you can prod their often indifferent appetites with so many delightful ways of serving it! Try it cooked with dates, prunes, raisins; serve it with salt and butter or with fruit sauce.

But Cream of Wheat is more than a breakfast cereal. With it you can make wonderfully tempting dishes of all kinds—breads, meat

and vegetable dishes, salads and best of all, desserts! *Dishes which will appeal to the capricious appetites of High School age* and bring to all the family enjoyment of delicious food and new energy.

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The Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota  
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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- Please send me your recipe booklet, "Delicious New Ways to Serve Cream of Wheat."
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- Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

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Address.....

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### Cream of Wheat with Raisins

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup Cream of Wheat       $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
4 cups boiling water       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins  
Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling  
salted water, stirring constantly; add raisins and  
cook twenty minutes in a double boiler

Also with Dates, Prunes or Figs  
Follow recipe above, using instead of raisins  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup  
dates, prunes or figs cut in small pieces

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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## OLD SCORES

By

William Byron Mowery

**J**HIE lead dog on Lerrick's team was sick. The dog was a splendid, big-boned, strong husky. At a distance he looked like an Arctic wolf. His long fur was silvery gray tipped with black with a narrow black streak running down his backbone. His head and face were jet black, his belly was light gray, and his tail tawny and mottled. He was in the prime of life, yet for two weeks he had hardly been able to crawl.

When the dog had first fallen sick Lerrick had booted him, thinking he was trying to shirk. But no amount of kicking could make Polar lean against his traces, and Lerrick finally realized the truth. For the first week the trapper kept him out of the traces and fed him, not because he felt sorry for him, but because Polar was a leader that he could not afford to lose. The dog got worse steadily, however, till he could hardly stand up. Then Lerrick reasoned that he was going to die, and after the first week wasted no more frozen tomcod on him. Polar was too sick to nose round for the scraps that his teammates left. He lay curled up behind the caribou-skin tent, not even snarling at the kicks that Lerrick bestowed on him occasionally.

The trapper was too busy the second week to spend much time kicking a husky that was going to die. During the winter months he had lost track of days and weeks, but from the signs he knew that spring was at hand. Spring comes suddenly at latitude seventy. Two days of the southeast wind and the ice in the straits would become dark gray and full of leads. At the first sign of a change in the wind he would have to start across the ice to Cape Parry or be a prisoner on the island where he had been trapping.

The fox pelts were getting scrappy and poor. From their midwinter snow-whiteness they had changed to bluish gray on the back and dirty yellow on the belly. Willow and rock ptarmigan were dropping their white feathers and taking on bizarre mottled patterns preparatory to the deep brown of their summer garb. In the shallow daytime mud lakes along the water buffaloes and green-winged teal were beginning to arrive. Flocks of high-flying eider came over from the mainland but, seeing the island still frozen up, circled and sailed back south again.

Then one night the wind veered. The next morning Lerrick hurried along his fur path and took up his traps. He was lucky that trip; in one of his sets round a bowhead whale that had washed up the summer before he caught a fox. In his hurry he rapped it over the nose and flensed it immediately without regard for the writhings of the animal. Back at camp by noon, he cached his traps and his tent, loaded his komatik, lashed it firmly and threw all the rest of the tomcod to the huskies before he bolted some "lassy seal bun" and coffee. When the tent came

down the lead dog had crawled away a few feet to get out of range of Lerrick's boot. He whined uneasily. Three previous springs he had seen the tent come down; it meant that the trapper was leaving the island and going up the coast seven days' travel to the "fort." When the other dogs were called up and their traces snapped a purely instinctive desire not to be left behind made Polar crawl toward the longest trace. Jack, the husky that Lerrick had broken in to lead, stood growling over his new place. Lerrick laughed as he snapped Jack's harness and picked up his rifle.

The dogs squatted on their haunches, watching. Lerrick threw a cartridge into the barrel of the gun, released the safety catch and then stopped, screwing up an eyebrow reflectively. He rammed his hand into an inner pocket of his jacket; his lips moved as he counted the cartridges. He had just ten left for his repeater, hardly enough to shoot grub for himself and the team till he got to the "fort" on the river. What was the use? The dog had played him a dirty trick by trying to die. A bullet through the head would be too easy on him. Let him starve.

At the sharp order to "up-along" and the crack of the braided whip over their backs the team jerked their traces tight and spread out fanwise as they raced down from the bluff and out on the ice. Polar lay with his head on the snow, whining pitifully for his teammates. When the komatik went out of sight he got up and staggered along in their tracks for a few yards and then sank down in the snow.

That night, whimpering out of loneliness for his partners, the dog slept without fear of a boot in his ribs. Toward morning he nosed round and ate the remaining scraps of tomcod, for the fish that Lerrick had thrown to the team had been more than they could eat. It was the first food Polar had had in a week, and it put a little strength into him. The hot pain in his chest, which had run its course and passed the worst point that night, had brought on a fever that parched his mouth and throat with thirst. Lerrick had not melted ice for him that whole week.

About noon the dog roused himself and went down to the edge of the hummocky ice field. The south wind and the new sun had made little puddles on the old salt ice. The puddles on the hummocks that were two years old were perfectly fresh. The cold water seemed to burn like fire, but it helped allay the fever.

Polar crept back to the camp site a good deal stronger and steadier. Best of all, he was hungry once more. There was nothing to eat round the deserted camp; so that evening he crawled painfully off across the tundra to the stranded bowhead



DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHEL

*His bristles stiffened, and he crouched low in the bushes*

whale. The foxes had deserted it in favor of the fresh feathered meat just arrived. The whale meat was bitter, impregnated with salts from the sea water, but Polar was gaunt with hunger; he tore off strips of the oily blubber and then in a place where a bear had clawed down to the beef ate himself full. The meat tasted bitter, almost nauseating, but it was the very thing the dog needed. It purged him and at the same time gave him renewed strength. He slept there till midnight and then woke up and ate another full meal of the whale beef. After that he crept back to the camp and, weak though he was, took up the trail of his teammates.

Perhaps a mile out on the hummocks he came to a new lead fully thirty feet across. In the open water Arctic graylings were leaping. Big fat comies floated along leisurely, with their dorsal fins sticking out of the water. Starry flounders and six-horned bullheads were flopping and splashing in the current. With the husky's inborn fear of open water Polar would not wet a pad; he sat down on his haunches and howled, not the crescendo wailing of a wolf, but the high-pitched, descending howl of a dog. For two hours he howled, but his teammates did not come back or even answer.

At last a three-pound starry flounder flipped out upon the ice near the dog. Polar snapped it up before it could flop back into the lead. After he had eaten it he gave up howling for his lost partners and crept back to the deserted camp.

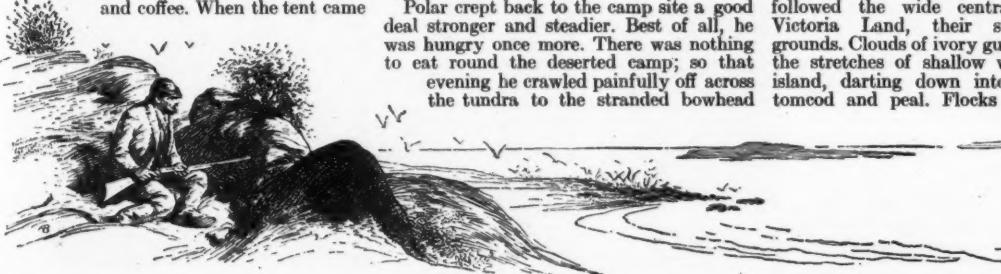
During the next few days spring came on with a rush. Leads opened all around the island. The slob ice began to move with the polar drift. The snow went from the tundra almost overnight, and the mud lakes filled the hollows between the swells. Grampus smashed through the rotten ice or wallowed on the mud reefs. A big herd of white whales followed the wide central lead toward Victoria Land, their summer feeding grounds. Clouds of ivory gulls swarmed over the stretches of shallow water round the island, darting down into the shoals of tomcod and peal. Flocks of gray wavies

and snow geese, long V's of black brant, shovelers, scaup ducks, old squaws, spectacled eiders, pintails and Arctic terns, hundreds of goose-stepping, proud white pelicans, families of the marauding, parasitic jaeger, the loud-mouthed jay of the North that only the pugnacious little brown tern can drive away from the nest of eggs and fledglings, guillemots shooting about like bullets and long-legged whooping cranes, all settled on the island and quacked, cackled, whistled, croaked, trumpeted, squawked and jangled in a racketty uproar. The foxes, owls and ospreys lived fat. Busy with finding nesting places and wrangling for feeding grounds, the birds did not notice the toll the marauders took.

In spite of all the feathered newcomers on the island Polar had to go twice more to the carcass of the bowhead whale, for he was too weak to hunt and catch anything. Besides, he never had learned the trick of hunting for himself; he had always eaten game that Lerrick had shot or caught.

In a few days when he had become stronger and could not tolerate the whale beef he gradually took to hunting birds at night when they were roosting by the hundreds along the bluff. As his strength returned his wolf instincts awoke. He was the biggest animal on the island. The barren-ground grizzlies had gone over to the mainland; the polar bears were off with the ice floes after newly-whelped whitecoats. The husky ranged over his domain, finding prey in abundance and forgetting Lerrick and the komatik, but howling at night on a hilltop, lonely for his mates.

June came, and the birds built after their various fashions and laid their eggs. The ducks and the clumsy geese built their nests close to the colonies of the little tern to get protection from the jaegers and lined them with soft down. The golden plovers nested on the bare flat necks running out into the water. The rock ptarmigan built their nests on the tops of the swells, with the male ptarmigan standing guard over his mate or springing forty or fifty feet up into the air and falling back again with a rattling, clucking sound. The male and the female red phalarope took turn about sitting on the eggs and feeding in the shallow water, pivoting round on one leg while holding the other up to snatch at little fish.



The dog varied his diet by learning to suck eggs. Many a farm pup has been hickoried for learning that trick, but Polar was accountable to no one. Once he came across a nest of the great whistling swan. The cone-shaped structure was more than seven feet wide at the base and four feet high. The husky missed his leap at the stately female, but made a full meal on the two big eggs. Once a cloud of little brown terns attacked him and drove him away from their colony. At night he ranged back on the higher swells, but in the daytime the mosquitoes and the swarms of small botflies made him go down close to the shore, where the cool air from the icy water kept the pests away.

July saw the fledglings of the colonies hopping outside the nests to feed with the parent birds. In August when the ducks and geese moulted they kept to the shallow water, where they could escape by diving, for they were helpless on land.

Once an umiak with four Eskimo hunters came over from the mainland and slaughtered hundreds upon hundreds of the snow geese. The dog watched them from his hiding place. Lerrick, who had owned him since he was a pup, had implanted fear of men in Polar; now his wolf instincts, awakened by his having to depend upon his own hunting, made him shun them. They had no dogs along, or he might have been led to join them.

For several days after the umiak had gone back he hunted on the other side of the island. Except for a gnawing loneliness he was content.

One afternoon in the middle of August a kayak came scooting from the direction of the string of islands lying to the west. The husky, watching from behind a clump of scraggly willows, saw it shoot into the shallow water and nudge the shore for several hundred yards. At a point where the sand was firm and left few tracks the man in the craft came ashore, where he put the skin canoe on his shoulder and carried it toward the bluff. The wind brought the scent of the man to Polar. His bristles stiffened, and he crouched low in the bushes. The man was Lerrick.

The old camp site was hidden in a depression behind an arm of the bluff. Thither Lerrick carried the kayak and set it down. Then he went back to the place where he had landed. Stepping carefully on the knots of wiry grass, he brushed out all tracks that he had made. After that he went back to the camp site, got his tent out of the cache and put it up. He ate some jerked meat and hardtack without building a fire. Every minute or two he stepped to the edge of the bluff and looked back toward the island from which he had come. When he had bolted his meal he unlashed a stuffed black wallet from the kayak float and, putting it into the cache, built the cairn up again.

An hour after Lerrick had arrived, a gray and yellow launch of six or eight tons appeared off the small flat island just to the west. It circled that island completely before starting across to the bigger one that Lerrick had come to. As it neared the bank it slowed down and kept as close to the land as its draft allowed. Four men on deck examined the island through glasses. On his part Lerrick was lying behind the bluff, watching from the cover of a weed screen with his rifle ready by his side.

There were six lively huskies on the deck of the launch, and all were barking at the birds on the island. At sight of them Polar almost forgot Lerrick. They set him wild; he wanted to bark, but somehow he didn't. Lerrick was too close.

Two of the huskies got into a fight. A young man in a gray uniform cuffed them apart. The scrap stirred the dog on shore even more than their barking. As the launch passed the bluff and began circling the island Polar slipped out of his hiding place and to keep the huskies in view dodged between the swells a few hundred yards inland, keeping out of sight of the men with the glasses. The circling took an hour and a half. As Polar came back toward the bluff where Lerrick was lying he cut straight across behind him to his first hiding place.

When the launch came past the huskies on the deck had got wind of Polar and were barking ferociously. The man tried to quiet them, thinking they were barking at the birds, but Polar was not fooled; he knew they were barking at him. The nose of the launch turned toward a small island lying farther east. As the boat pulled away the huskies bunched aft, still barking at the dog scent on the island.

It was more than Polar could stand. He

lifted his nose up in the air and howled as he had the night he had sat on the edge of the lead.

The huskies on the launch set up a terrible clamor. One of the men shouted; the blades churned in reverse, and the boat floated still.

Again Polar lifted his nose and told them that he was a lonely, lonely dog. The launch put back to the island, and four men, all carrying rifles, jumped ashore.

In the centre of the island, of which Lerrick knew every foot, was a patch of gnarled, storm-twisted scrubby dwarf trees, the northern-most branch of the far-flung conifers. To that patch of trees, the only good hiding place on the island, Lerrick hurried; the bluff offered protection from only one side. He figured on hiding till darkness came and then creeping back, getting his kayak and the wallet and escaping.

But he figured wrong. An hour before twilight a husky led the party to him. When the men saw that he was in the bushes they surrounded the clump and began to close in, creeping from boulder to boulder. The young man in uniform was within three hundred yards of the pines when Lerrick's rifle spurted. The soft-nosed bullet knocked dirt in his face.

"Ho, Lerrick!" he hallooed through cupped hands. "Throw that gun down and come out of there. You can't get away. Come on out before we start shooting that place up!"

Lerrick's answer was two more bullets.

"Let him have it!" the young officer bawled to the others. "One man murdered is enough. We don't take any chances with him. Each man pepper his side of the patch."

The men on the outside had the advantage both of numbers and of position, because they could hide and change their places, whereas Lerrick had to lie still in the thicket and risk their spotting the flash of his rifle. After a couple dozen rounds had been poured into the patch his rifle suddenly stopped flashing.

The young officer made a circuit and crept up behind a swell close to the patch. He signaled to the others, and they came round to his point of advantage. Then all four dashed into the clump at the same time.

Lerrick was crouching against a scrub tree, holding his shoulder; the stock of the heavy rifle was splintered by a bullet. His wound was merely in the flesh of the shoulder, and, since he could walk without help, they lost no time in getting him back to the camp.

The young officer, suspicious of the freshly disturbed stones of the cairn, dug down and found the wallet. He counted the roll of yellowbacks and banknotes that it contained. "All there," he said crisply. "We can get the money back, but we can't bring Jimmy back. You infernal brute! To kill him the way you did!"

"I wonder where the pups are?" one of the men asked. "Only one of them with us, and we'll be leaving in a minute."

"The rest must be with that other dog," the young officer replied.

He whistled and called, and in a few minutes the huskies came trotting back one by one. Polar stopped on a ridge near the camp; he was suspicious of the men, but he was not willing to let the dogs out of his sight.

The young officer spotted him. "There's that dog on the ridge," he said casually to the others. "It's the dog that howled. Before we go down to the launch I'm going to put the pups on him and catch him to see what he looks like."

Polar didn't budge when the huskies rushed him. He had got acquainted with them not an hour before and thought they were friendly. But the huskies understood the young officer's hissing words. All six of them piled on Polar and got him down before he knew what was happening. The young officer ran up, slipped a thong over Polar's head and pulled the other dogs away.

He laughed when Polar tried to snap him. "Didn't think I'd catch you, old man, did you? Mean trick, eh, to put the pups on you? Say, you look like a real dog! I'm recruiting a string."

Polar liked the soft friendly voice and the hand thumping him in the

ribs; his ribs were used to boots. Moreover, the man had pulled the huskies off him and proved his friendliness. Still the dog hung back, and they had to drag him up to the tent. The presence of the hated Lerrick outweighed the company of the other huskies and the friendliness of the young officer.

"Jiminy!" one of the men exclaimed. "He's a regular wild dog! Wonder what he's doing on this island all by himself?"

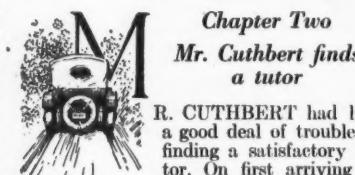
Lerrick, who had lapsed into sullen

silence, looked up. His eyes bulged when Polar came near enough in the twilight to be recognized. His lips breathed profanity. He choked with rage.

The bristles on the dog's spine rose stiff. He showed his fangs and crouched. The officer seized him.

"I've got a hunch what he's doing here," the officer said. "And I shouldn't be surprised if he didn't pay off some old scores when he barked and brought us back to the island."

## The MYSTERIOUS TUTOR By Gladys Blake



### Chapter Two Mr. Cuthbert finds a tutor

R. CUTHBERT had had a good deal of trouble in finding a satisfactory tutor. On first arriving in New York he had advertised in two newspapers for a competent teacher to return with him to the plantation and had given his hotel as his address. During the fortnight following a large number of applicants had called, but not one of them had suited him. Mr. Cuthbert thought he had never seen such a motley array of people as gathered daily in his sitting room.

Though he had expressly advertised for a man, there were many women among the applicants. The planter knew that his boys would never tolerate a governess, but there were times when he was tempted to engage one, for the men were utterly impossible. One look at most of the applicants was enough. Even when he appealed to the secretary of a teachers' college he was not satisfied with the candidates that the institution sent him.

But on the fifteenth day Mr. Louis Dahl arrived. Looking him over, the planter became suddenly hopeful. The young man—he was not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven—was far from ordinary. In fact he was one of the most extraordinary young men Mr. Cuthbert had ever seen. He was slim and elegant, very black of hair and eye, but with the fair skin of an Anglo-Saxon; and he spoke English with just a hint of foreign accent. When he bowed it was from the hips in the stiff-backed fashion of a European military officer, and at all times he held himself like a soldier. His manner was cool and haughty and unfriendly, but his eyes fairly snapped with intelligence. Here was a man who might be hard and

impatient in the schoolroom, but who was clearly capable of instructing.

"You are a foreigner, Mr. Dahl?" asked the planter when he had offered him a seat. "Yes," was the brief reply. "I am but just landed in America."

"You can give me references? I am obliged to require some assurance as to your character and attainments before I can engage you," Mr. Cuthbert explained.

"Of course I realize that," said the young man. "Though America is strange soil to me, I have a few friends here who knew me abroad and who will, I believe, vouch for my character. And I have degrees from more than one European college of high standing."

"Then you might get yourself a much better position than the one I am offering," remarked the planter with a rueful smile.

"Doubtless! But I prefer to be your tutor. I—like the idea of a plantation."

"It's not a particularly healthful place, being rather low and damp," admitted Mr. Cuthbert. "If it's bad health that makes you prefer the country, I feel that you should know something of the climate before you accept a place in my home."

"My health is excellent," was the calm reply.

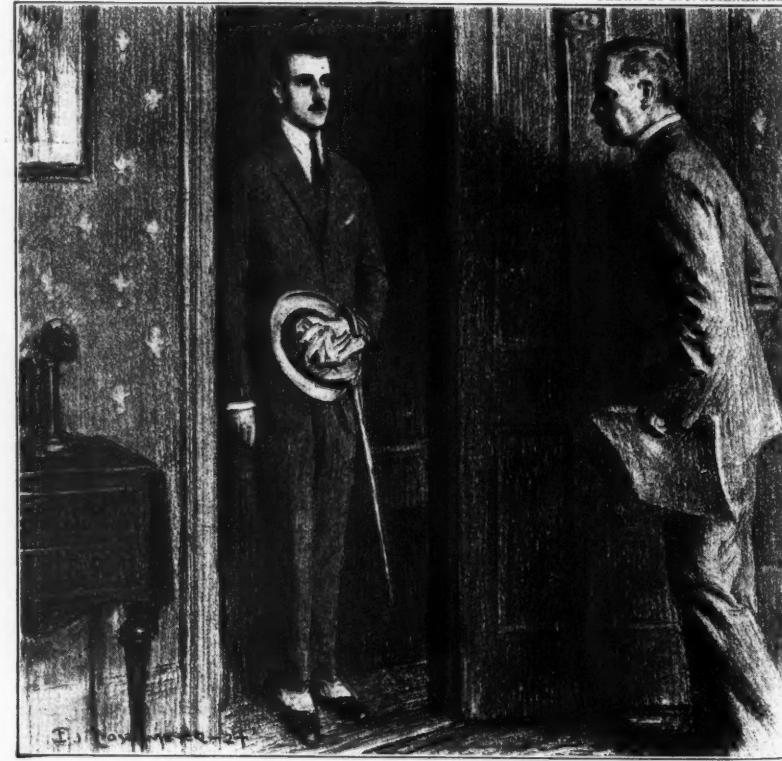
"But, my dear sir, I cannot pay you very much! I mentioned the salary I was prepared to give in that advertisement, but I realize that that is a mere pittance beside what you might receive elsewhere. I will try to increase the amount, since I must have a tutor for my boys and girls, but I cannot raise it very much."

"Pray do not think of increasing it," said the young man loftily. "I am quite satisfied with the amount mentioned in your advertisement."

Mr. Cuthbert rubbed his chin and stared in amazement at this strange applicant. He felt there was something wrong somewhere,

*His manner was cool and haughty and unfriendly*

DRAWN BY E. J. ROSENMEYER



but he didn't know just what it was.

"From what country do you come, Mr. Dahl?" he asked after a ruminating silence. "You look like a Frenchman."

"I come here direct from Paris, but I am not French," was the reply.

"Ah! Italian or Spanish perhaps?" persisted the planter.

"Neither. I am—a cosmopolitan. I have lived everywhere. Won't that suffice?"

There seemed no reason for such an evasion, and Mr. Cuthbert did not like it. Why should the fellow refuse to state his nationality? But that might not matter if his references were all right. The planter asked for the names of the people whom he expected to recommend him and was startled at their prominence.

"Very well, Mr. Dahl," he said. "I will call these people over the telephone tonight, and if they vouch for you I shall be glad to engage you. Come in again tomorrow and we'll finish the business."

The young man took his leave, and that night Mr. Cuthbert called the homes of many well-known New Yorkers and heard from them decidedly favorable opinions of Mr. Dahl. But when pressed for definite knowledge about him they admitted ignorance. They had met him here, there and everywhere abroad and had liked him, but that was all they could say. One man was sure he was a Frenchman and was astonished to hear that he had denied all allegiance to France.

When Mr. Cuthbert put up the telephone at last he sat for a long time ruminating on what he had learned. For what he had learned was just exactly nothing at all. And yet he knew that he was going to engage this mysterious young man as a tutor for his boys and girls, and that the tutor would be a resident in his home. To get a good teacher he was willing to risk much.

Yet he would certainly have refused to risk engaging him if he could have followed Mr. Louis Dahl when he took leave that afternoon. Mr. Dahl returned to a hotel much superior to the one where his future employer was staying and in the privacy of his suite had an odd conversation with his English valet.

"Well, Warren," he said, "the matter is arranged or nearly so. I will go south with this planter, and you can either wait for me here or return to Paris. I have no idea how long this farce of tutoring must last. Many months perhaps! The fact that fate plays into my hand so neatly in the beginning does not delude me into imagining that the game will continue to be an easy one. And I shall miss you, Warren! I shall miss your services more than I like to consider."

"Thank you, sir," said Warren. "I hope the business will not be unpleasant, sir."

"I expect to find it remarkably unpleasant," replied the young master morosely. "From what I have seen of American boys and girls in Europe they are as difficult to manage as wild animals. Their independence and forwardness always rasped my nerves. But I shall rule my charges with an iron rod. I shall make them obey me absolutely. Otherwise I shall not be able to endure the rôle of tutor. One family of young Americans will be civilized when I get through with them!"

"It's the only way, sir," agreed Warren.

"Ah! To get out of this rude, boisterous, barbarous country and back to civilization!" exclaimed the young man, sighing. "But at least I shall be far out on a plantation where I shall not have to associate with many people and shall meet no one I have ever known in Europe."

He continued musingly to himself than his valet: "How odd that I should meet this planter, Cuthbert, of all people in the United States on the very day of my arrival in this country! To become his tutor is a huge joke! It just goes to show, Warren, that even a big country like this can seem a very small place sometimes!"

The conversation ended then, but it was well for Mr. Dahl that Mr. Cuthbert had not heard it.

Two days later they left for the South. The trip was long, but the two men were scarcely better acquainted at the end of it than at the beginning. Mr. Dahl wrapped himself in a cloak of reserve, which the genial planter tried in vain to strip from him. Yet there were times when the young man let the cloak fall, almost accidentally it seemed, and was a pleasant companion. Mr. Cuthbert wondered which was the real



man, the cool, polite, but unfriendly fellow traveler who had almost nothing to say and who held himself aloof from everyone they met in the dining car or the agreeable, almost artless, young chap who showed himself at rare intervals and who then went back under cover? It was because of those rare glimpses of another character that the planter did not regret his choice of a tutor before the wheels were fairly turning on the southward journey.

On a warm Indian summer morning the travelers left the train at the little station nearest the Cuthbert plantation. There they found Dick and Doris and Clarissa waiting for them in an automobile—Basil and Daisy had lost when the young folk flipped coins to decide who should go to the station in the five-seated car. Mr. Cuthbert could not refrain from chuckling at the surprise that showed in the three young faces when they caught the first sight of their new tutor. Doris and Clarissa didn't know what to do when Mr. Dahl clicked his heels together and bowed over their hands as if he were going to kiss their fingers; they looked almost as silly as Dick afterwards said they did. And Dick had a qualm of terror lest he be kissed on both cheeks and was much relieved at having his hand limply shaken instead. Mr. Dahl seemed as much relieved as they when the introductions were over. They had evidently bored him.

"Who is he, father?" asked Dick in a whisper as he and his father bent to pick up the suitcases. "How did you happen to engage a foreigner? I tremble to think what he'll do to us if we don't know our lessons—hang us, likely!"

"Then I suspect you will be the first to be strung up, Dick," prophesied the planter with a twinkle in his eyes. For there was no time for explanations, and it would have been impolite to stay there whispering together. Mr. Cuthbert reserved the story he had to tell until he and his family were alone together at home.

Dick drove the car homeward; his father sat beside him, and the two girls were in the tonneau with the tutor. Dick spent most of the drive telling his father about the band of men who had been digging holes all over the estate, and who had not yet been apprehended. The girls did their best to entertain Mr. Dahl.

The route lay along the broad river with snowy cotton fields all round. The fields were filled with negroes of all ages, from small pickaninnies to grizzled grandfathers, gathering the white fibre to fill the bags suspended from their shoulders. Some were singing as they worked, and all stood erect to stare at the car as it went by. White men on horseback—"riders" who covered the whole plantation daily to watch the progress of the work and to keep the pickers from idling—touched their hats to Mr. Cuthbert and expressed their pleasure at seeing him back again. The planter was popular with all his employees, and his welcome all along the way was warm and sincere. But many of the hired hands were strange to him and hardly recognized the returning master. It was not like the old slave days.

"This is a fine property you have," said Mr. Dahl to the girls. "Does all this land belong to you?"

"Yes, it's all Bow View Plantation," replied Doris. "Our family has owned it ever since the Indians moved off, and so we love it very much. But most of the other estates around here have changed hands so many times since the Civil War that it's hard to remember the owners' names, particularly as they don't live on the land, but leave it in the care of managers. We live at Bow View all the year and wouldn't move into the city for anything."

"But it's a little lonely sometimes," owned Clarissa.

They came in view of the house, a square brick building with a row of white pillars across the front and a vast latticed porch at one side. It stood on a slight elevation in the middle of the plantation. Basil and Daisy and little Lucy came running down the road to meet them and were introduced to the tutor. Then to Mr. Dahl's distinct disappointment the boy and the two girls swung on the car anyway they could and in that fashion rode to the house.

From a gate post Almeter waved a dust cloth wildly and called "Howdy, Mister Cuthbert!" at the top of a remarkably strong voice, and a little group of house servants, all grinning, welcomed the planter with equal cordiality; many of them were

the descendants of Cuthbert slaves. And at the house Mrs. Cuthbert and Miss Martha were waiting on the porch. The look on the tutor's face was inscrutable. You could not tell how he liked his new home at first sight.

Inside the old mansion were the paneled doors, the landscape wall paper, the plush chairs and Brussels carpets and pier glasses, the silver candelabra and the carved mahogany tables and high canopied beds that had come down from an earlier day. In the dining room, where a late breakfast was waiting for everyone, the wall paper showed scenes from the Revolutionary War, with George Washington receiving Cornwallis's sword repeated half a dozen times. It was in calling attention to the incident that the boys and girls received a distinct shock from the tutor.

"Of course Washington didn't receive Cornwallis's sword from his own hands in that way," said Clarissa, "but the artist who painted the paper thought it looked more dramatic to improve on history so. And of course the incident is figuratively quite true."

Mr. Dahl looked at the paper and lifted his eyebrows. "It's rather a pity it wasn't the other way round," he observed.

"The other way round?" repeated Clarissa blankly, and the other young people looked up indignantly from their plates.

"Yes, if it had been Washington who gave up the sword, just think what a magnificent empire America and England would be today!"

"We'd be ruled by a royal family," said Dick contemptuously. "And a nobility and all that stuff! Don't suggest such a thing!"

Mr. Dahl glanced at him coolly. "You

are speaking of something you know nothing about," he said. "Many countries are happier under kings than they would be under presidents."

The conversation was not continued. Mrs. Cuthbert subdued her youngsters with a glance. But when breakfast was over the boys and girls gathered to discuss the peculiar tutor without restraint.

"Father says he won't even tell his nationality," announced Dick. "There's something queer about that!"

"He's awfully good-looking," said Doris, who had reached an age when she was beginning to know a handsome man when she saw one. "And there is something aristocratic about him. You know the Great War let loose all sorts of poverty-stricken aristocrats on the world, and there is no telling who our tutor is!"

"Think! He may be Prince Dolgoruki himself, come to direct the search for those lost valuables of his ancestor!" jeered Dick in pretended excitement.

"O Dick!" Doris was overwhelmed with excitement at the very suggestion. "Maybe he is!"

Dick grinned, and Basil said, "Well, all he's got to do is to pay us five thousand dollars and interest for a hundred years, and we'll help him search! There wasn't any need for him to come here disguised as a humble tutor."

The boys were joking, but to both Doris and Clarissa the idea was too fascinating to be abandoned. Suppose the new tutor were a descendant of that Russian prince, and suppose he had come there to steal the valuable without paying back the loan?

TO BE CONTINUED.

## AN ADVENTURE FOR MOTHER

By Margaret R. Seebach



**W**HAT in the world's the matter?" asked Emily Jane, pausing with the potato masher poised in her hand.

Mother, who was occupied with the gravy, turned to listen. "Walter and Hugh, I suppose," she said. "Walter never can resist a chance to tease."

"No, but listen to father!" said Emily Jane. "He's fairly shouting over something! I haven't heard him laugh so hard for—"

Just then father burst into the kitchen like an uproarious schoolboy, with Walter and Hugh in close pursuit. "Listen!" he commanded, waving the evening paper impressively, and read: "The Louden burglary case is the first on the docket of the next session of court and will therefore come up for trial on June 18. That session of court will be unique as the first one in the county with women impaneled as jurors. Those whose names have been drawn are as follows: Mrs. Martha J. Benbower, wife of—"

"Father, you're fooling!" exclaimed Emily Jane, running to look over his shoulder. "Look at mother!" cried Hugh. "She's as white as a sheet!"

"You're just in fun, aren't you, father?" inquired mother, leaving the gravy to its fate while she reached for the paper with one hand and sought her glasses on the clock shelf with the other.

"Not a bit of it!" declared father. "Look for yourself! Here it is."

Mother read the brief paragraph several times in silence. Emily Jane, having satisfied her doubts, went to rescue the gravy.

"It's a joke on mother!" declared Walter. "Here's mother, who always said she didn't want any vote because it would be so horrid to have to serve on a jury, and she just wouldn't do it—she'd pay her fine or go to jail or do anything at all to get out of it. And isn't she the very first woman in the county to be drawn for the job! O my! What'll you do now, mother, skip the country or hide in the coal bin?"

"I don't see why she has to serve!" argued

Hugh, who always argued about everything. "They ought to let people off who have to keep house and get meals for a family and—"

"Keep still, boys!" said father. "Give mother a chance to say a word for herself."

"Must I really do it?" asked mother with a quiver of her comfortable double chin. "Isn't there any way to get out of it? Oh, I just can't!"

"Cheer up," said father. "It's a big honor, you know, and if you get drawn for the Louden burglary case, it will be the occasion of your life. Why, that case has the whole town stirred up—masked bandits and all that! And then, since it's the first time women have served on a jury, the courthouse will be jammed!"

"Oh, that's just it!" lamented mother, upsetting the flour sieve in her excitement. "Why, I never even went to see a case tried, and they'll get me up there and ask me all sorts of questions to get me tangled up and—"

"Hold on, mother!" Walter interrupted her. "You're not going to be summoned as a witness, you know! You'll just sit and listen and then go out and vote whatever you think is right after you've heard the evidence. I wish I were in your place!"

"Supper's on the table and getting cold," put in Emily Jane. "We can talk it all over while we're eating. Come, boys! Come, father! Never you mind, mother!" she added, gently pushing her into her chair. "You'll do all right, and we'll all be proud of you!"

Great hilarity prevailed during the meal.

"I understand now," said Walter over the mound of mashed potatoes on his plate, "why they have a woman with scales on top of the courthouse. I always thought it was funny, when women hadn't a thing to do with settling the cases; but people are coming to their senses now and living up to their emblem. And you're it, mother, the Lady of the Scales! That's you!"

"You talk as if mother were a mermaid!" said Hugh, grinning. "Anyhow it's going to take some brains to decide that Louden case! Say, I wish I'd been round when those fellows came driving up to Louden's jewelry store in a car! And then going in and holding up old Louden and his clerk with revolvers—and masks on—"

"I'm glad I wasn't there!" said mother, shivering slightly. "It'll be bad enough to hear them tell all about it, if I do. But the men got away, didn't they?"

"Sure, they went right off before anybody could catch them," said Hugh. "But of course everybody in six counties got busy looking them up; and when this girl over in Jacksonburg got a diamond engagement ring from a fellow who was getting two dollars a day scrubbing cars in a garage people began to talk. Then when Mr. Louden went over and identified it as part of the stock he'd lost, and the fellow wouldn't tell how he got it, why, it was as plain as daylight he must have been in it!"

"Well, you don't have to decide it," said Walter. "That's mother's job. And don't you be scared, mother. We'll all go and sit in the front row, and when you're sworn in we'll all burst into tears and tell the judge you've been a good mother to us, and won't he please make the sentence as light as possible and—"

"Do let mother alone!" pleaded Emily Jane. "She isn't eating a bit of supper!"

When the meal was over and the dishes had been removed mother sat down in the kitchen weakly. "I can't do it, Emily Jane! I simply can't! I'm going to have a sick headache or something. I'm sure I am! Why, it gives me a headache just to think about it!"

"Don't think!" said wise Emily Jane. "You're not expected to think till the time comes."

"I believe you would enjoy it," said her mother enviously. "All I can say is I wish you had the chance! I don't yearn for adventures at my age!"

"Now, mother, dear, don't begin to say 'at my age,'" Emily Jane warned her. "The thing for us to think about is what are you going to wear?"

A mystic change of expression passed over Mrs. Benbower's woebegone face—a sort of lightening and uplifting of the features. Here was something definite to hold to in the chaos of her thoughts. "Oh, I suppose my gray suit—" she began, but Emily Jane had been planning before she spoke.

"You'll melt!" she declared. "You know how hot it has been all the month, and the paper says it's to be hotter yet next week. The courtroom will be a perfect oven—" She stopped herself just in time; she had been about to add, "With all that crowd in it."

"Yes, I know," said mother, sighing, "but it's all I have that's suitable."

"You must have a new dress!" said Emily Jane firmly. "You always put your money into new curtains and tablecloths and things like that, and you never buy anything new for yourself. That gray suit is at least six years old! Now I'm going shopping tomorrow morning, and when I get home we're going to get out your patterns and cut you a new voile dress. You need one anyway; you can't wear that heavy suit to church a summer like this. Yes, I know you've done it before, but we've had cool summers; this one is tremendously hot. No, don't object, please!" as mother began a half-hearted protest. "This is absolutely necessary, and we can just get it done in time if we begin at once."

Mother's spirits had risen visibly at the prospect, and Emily Jane now lured her to the front porch, where they spent the rest of the evening pleasantly discussing styles—and also peacefully, for father and the boys had gone to a twilight baseball game.

Next morning a policeman brought mother's official notice that she had been drawn for duty on the traverse jury at the coming session, and that she should present herself at the courtroom at nine o'clock each morning beginning on June 18. Her period of service was to be two weeks and such longer time as might be necessary to finish any case for which she was impaneled as a juror. While she was reading the awful summons over and over with a rapidly beating heart Emily Jane came home from her shopping. She had purchased a beautiful, soft brown voile that showed a silvery satin stripe when it was turned to catch the light.



"He is the prisoner, madam!" insisted the lawyer

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

A little later mother set the scissors in it with the air of a martyr beginning her execution robe; but the beauty of the material and the joy of planning the new dress quickly won her to a happier frame of mind.

Presently she was immersed in problems such as no male jury was ever asked to solve and in mysteries such as would baffle the keenest of legal minds. Panels or a tunic effect?

"Panels of course for a jury!" said Walter, overhearing the discussion.

A square neck or a V? Kimono or set-in sleeves? A vest or a surplice front? Such questions the prospective juror faced and decided without tremor. She was on familiar ground and could give her verdict with promptness and decision.

Apparently mother was now herself, but no one except Emily Jane guessed the sick pang that made her heart turn over whenever she thought of the courtroom, the crowds, the inquisitive lawyers, the watchful judge and that dreadful unknown quantity, the prisoner whose fate she was to help decide.

By the following Tuesday the dress was almost done. As she was sewing on the hidden snaps melancholy began to settle down on her, and Emily Jane, who was watching, knew that something else must be done to keep her mind occupied until the important moment.

While she was debating her next move the telephone rang.

"Mrs. Benbower? This is the clerk of the court. You were drawn for jury service beginning on Thursday. Well, this is to inform you that the session is postponed till next Monday. The judge is sick."

"O dear!" groaned Emily Jane to herself. "How shall we get through with it?"

But mother had solved the problem for both of them. "Emily Jane," she said excitedly, "do you hear that? The session is postponed till Monday! We'll have to do the washing and ironing the end of this week! Isn't it fortunate? You know, I'd been getting quite worried thinking that next week is our week to wash! Of course we couldn't have done it earlier this week, with the dress to finish. Isn't it good that we can get it done after all?"

Washing, ironing and mending occupied Wednesday, Thursday and part of Friday. It was really kind of the boys, thought Emily Jane, to have such unusually large holes in their socks that week. By Saturday noon the house was in order, and the baking all done. Then another eclipse of spirit seemed about to fall on mother, but fortunately an advertising handbill thrown in at the door gave Emily Jane an inspiration.

"Mother, you've simply got to come up-town with me this afternoon! Miss Markwell is having a sale of hats. This is your chance

to get a new one to wear with your brown dress. You can't wear that rusty old black one with this beautiful brown voile!"

Mother objected. "O Emily Jane, it's too much expense!"

"No, it isn't, mother!" persisted Emily Jane. "Come along anyway and see what she has; you don't have to buy."

Two hours later Emily Jane and mother emerged from Miss Markwell's with something in a paper bag. "It's a wonderful bargain!" Emily Jane was saying. "Three dollars for a seven-dollar hat! That braid is beautiful, and it's just the shape for you, and it's exactly the shade of your brown dress!"

When they got home Walter was standing in the doorway. "Well, mother," he called, "they've given you another reprieve! The session is postponed another week! The judge has the gout."

Emily Jane groaned in spirit. How should they get through that week with no washing to do?

"Father," she said privately to Mr. Benbower that night, "we've simply got to get a crate of cherries next week."

"Cherries? My dear girl!" cried Mr. Benbower. "Do you know how scarce cherries are this year? Your mother said she wouldn't dream of paying the price for them."

"I know," said Emily Jane, "but it's cherries or doctor's bills! I've done all I can, but she won't consent to any more dress-making or millinery, and we just cleaned house in May. We've simply got to keep her busy till this wretched jury service begins; it's all that keeps her up, and cherries are the only thing I can think of."

"All right," grumbled her father, "I suppose we must, but it will worry her, knowing how dear they are."

"That's why I want you to get them, father," said Emily Jane. "You needn't tell her the price, only say you had a chance to get some, and it made you so hungry for cherry preserves that you couldn't resist. She won't grudge the price anyway if you want them."

So in spite of the heat Mrs. Benbower spent the next week happily enough over her preserving kettle. A further inspiration had added two dozen pineapples for marmalade; and once more mother made momentous decisions, this time of quantities of sugar, stage of preservedness, quality of rubber rings; she formed rapid and accurate conclusions without any undue nervous strain. Here again she was in her own sphere and could almost forget that she was ordered to leave it for the unfamiliar jury box.

By that time Mr. Benbower had become aware that the impending jury duty was not a joke to his wife. In spite of Emily Jane's devices the anticipation was telling on her; she tossed at night and talked in her sleep.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, mother," he said one evening when she was almost through with the preserving. "You know I get my vacation the latter part of July. Well, you and I will just run off and take a little

trip all by ourselves out to see the folks in Iowa. You have all these new clothes, and Emily Jane can manage with only the boys to cook for. What do you say?"

He was repaid by the brightening of her face and by the eager plans that she began at once to make. For three whole hours she arranged everything beautifully and had the first two days' menu all planned for Emily Jane before the fateful jangle of the telephone bell interrupted her.

After she had answered the call she looked so startled that Emily Jane ran to her. "Session postponed," mother gasped feebly, "postponed—till July 15!"

"Of all things!" cried Emily Jane indignantly. "Oh, well, raspberries are ripe, and then blackberries come! And you shall have a trip some time, mother dearest!"

The long weeks wore themselves out at last. The Louden case was up for trial, and the expected crowd had gathered. It was not often that so sensational a case disturbed the quiet of the rural county seat. Even before daylight the carriages and automobiles had come in from the neighboring towns and the scattered farmhouses, bringing a curious throng. As soon as the doors were opened people went pouring in, determined to obtain seats. By nine o'clock, when court opened, even the window sills and the radiators were occupied, and many spectators were content merely to find standing room.

The Benbowers sat, not indeed in the front row, but in prominent places, and their gaze rested on a matronly figure a few rows ahead in one of the seats reserved for the talesmen. She was dressed in brown voile; her double chin quivered now and then, and her eyes seemed not to dare to look their way.

Mrs. Benbower, having that morning broken three plates, salted her coffee and cut her fingers with the bread knife, had finally been robed in the brown voile with Emily Jane's assistance and had walked to the courthouse with a queer, shaky sensation in her knees. Now she was trying to accustom herself to the strange surroundings and pick out if she could the persons who were to play the leading parts in the day's drama. It was not hard of course to distinguish the judge; he looked the part with his grave judicial face. Once she thought she caught a twinkle in his eye when one of the lawyers spoke to him, but of course that could be nothing but her imagination! The lawyers were mostly familiar figures, but the counsel for the defense had been brought from another county. She did not like his face; it looked sarcastic and disagreeable. She did not look long at him, for he made her uneasy. The groups near by were safe to look at. That pale girl with the handkerchief in her hand must surely be the one whose engagement ring had brought her fiancé into trouble. That also made Mrs. Benbower uncomfortable, and she was glad when the drawing of jurors began.

As chance would have it, hers was the first name drawn; somehow she answered to her name, and then the disagreeable lawyer from Barker County began to ask her questions. She hoped nobody could hear her heart beat; it sounded very loud in her own ears.

"Ah—Mrs. Benbower," said the counsel for the defense suavely, "you are quite sure you have formed no prejudice against the prisoner?"

"I—why—no, sir, I hope not!" replied Mrs. Benbower shakily.

"You have never seen him, do not know him in any way?" persisted the lawyer.

"Where is he, please?" she asked uncertainly, looking round with bewilderment at the maze of strange faces.

"There he is!" said the lawyer, pointing to the prisoner at the bar.

Mrs. Benbower turned to look, and the defendant raised to her the face of a boy—a boy no older than Walter; a face worn and haggard, but with a straight gaze from brown eyes that somehow asked her to believe in him.

"What! that boy?" she exclaimed. "He is not the prisoner!"

"He is the prisoner, madam!" insisted the lawyer. "You never saw him before?"

"Oh, no! But he can't be the prisoner



surely! That boy! With a face like that! He never—"

"Challenged!" snapped the prosecutor; and Mrs. Benbower, still dazed, was escorted from the stand.

"I don't understand it at all!" she said to her family, who met her at the front entrance after struggling through the delighted crowd.

"It's all right, mother!" said Mr. Benbower. "You gave your verdict a little too soon, that's all."

"And probably a correct one," added Walter. "I'll back mother every time. For woman," he quoted, "knows all man knows and in addition knows everything—by intuition!"

"I don't see why they had to put her off

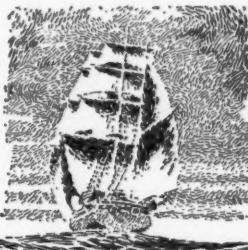
the jury for that," grumbled Hugh. "All the rest probably think the same, only they aren't saying so. I'll bet they've got the wrong fellow!"

"Never mind; it's over now," whispered Emily Jane, "and you looked so nice in your new things, mother!"

Mrs. Benbower, still slightly bewildered, straightened her new hat and declared, "That person who interrupted me was very rude, I must say! He didn't even let me finish my sentence. I'm rather disappointed not to have gone on after all. It would have been a real adventure to sit on a jury. You had better believe that, if I get a chance on any of the other cases, they won't throw me out so easily!"

## THE SOLE SURVIVOR

By A. Hyatt Verrill



### Being the Third in the Series Chronicles of Adventure

**W**I TH every stitch of canvas set the whaling bark Alice Knowles surged steadily northward along the edge of the Gulf Stream. The wind was fair, the sea was calm, and every one of the thirty-six men who formed her company was in high spirits; for the bark was homeward bound and was a "full ship." Long months before she had set sail from New Bedford to scour the Atlantic for sperm whales, for the war had caused the price of oil and spermaceti to soar, and once again the long-idle whaleships were cruising far and wide. But now all the dreary months of toil, the thrilling chase and capture, the perils from wounded whales, the dangers from thrashing flukes and shearing jaws, the back-breaking cutting in and filthy boiling were over, and ahead lay home and ready cash. The Alice Knowles had had marvellous luck. Not a man had been lost, and every available inch of space was filled to overflowing with the precious oil and still more valuable spermaceti. Her cavernous hold, her steerage and her 'tween-decks were packed with the stout oak casks of oil; even her decks bore scores of casks lashed into place.

In order to make room for the thousands of filled casks the try-works had been thrown

that the skipper's orders were carried out; he could not resist speaking his mind to the third officer. "Old man must be getting nervous," he remarked. "Thinks there's a blow coming on and looking for trouble."

The third officer gazed round for a moment, sniffed the wind and spat over the rail. "Reckon he ain't far off neither," he replied. "That yell haze is nasty-looking, and there's a weight to the swell that ain't got no business to be there with this wind. And seems to me this breeze smells dusty. Guess the old man knows what he's doing."

The colored Cape Verde islander, who was going aft to take the wheel, had overheard the conversation. With the free and easy ways of the whaleman he now spoke. "Me, I myself t'ink he come blow," he declared. "Me, I myself t'ink we get one what you call him hur'cane."

"Shut up, you," ordered the second mate. "Hurricane nothing. Where do you think you are, De Grasse? We ain't down in the tropics, and there ain't no hurricanes in these latitudes. Get aft there."

De Grasse, who was something of a favorite because of his excellence as a seaman and his invariable willingness to work, grinned and went on his way.

"What do you think of it?" asked young Parker as the Portuguese mulatto grasped the spokes.

"Me, I myself t'ink we get one hur'cane," replied De Grasse.

"H'm," muttered the captain, who was standing near. "Looks that way to me too, Quintin. Hope we don't; she'd make bad weather of it."

For the next forty-eight hours the captain's fears were more than justified. With a suddenness as alarming as it was unexpected the wind came screeching across the sea. The oily rollers were transformed as if by magic into tossing, tempestuous, foam-crested billows, and with a report like that of a gun the maintopsail was split and torn from the bolt ropes. Fortunately the first blast was from astern, and before the gale the bark went plunging and tearing through the seas. But not for long. Within a few hours the gale shifted, and only the quick action of the helmsman and the splendid seamanship of Captain Parker saved the vessel. From south, west, east and north it blew, and, reeling, rolling, buffeted about, the bark was driven here, there and everywhere

at the mercy of the West Indian hurricane that had come raging up the coast.

Long hours before, the deck load of oil casks had been washed from their lashings into the sea. Rails had been swept away, boats stove at davits, and the decks, when visible between the deluges of water that swept them, seemed a wreck. Each great green comber broke over bulwarks or bows; everything movable had been carried away; the sails were mere ribbons. For nearly eight hours De Grasse and four others had been straining at the wheel, drenched, cold and numb and saved from being washed overboard only by the lashings round their bodies. De Grasse, who had been longest at the helm, was almost exhausted, and the captain, noticing his haggard face, ordered him to go below and rest. Clinging to the rigging, watching his chances between seas, the mulatto crept forward across the wildly heaving decks and at last gained the forecastle scuttle and dodged within.

Below in the dark, ill-smelling quarters of the crew the water was knee-deep; the men had been forced into their bunks, where they lay awaiting whatever call might be given—the call to duty, the order to abandon ship or the call of death. De Grasse waded towards his bunk and, placing a bare foot upon the edge of the bunk below, started to clamber in. As he did so he was hurled across the narrow chamber and brought up with a thud against the mast.

"She's gone over!" yelled a seaman, as the whalers floundered in the water or struggled in the darkness—for the light had been extinguished—to extricate themselves from their bunks.

"I t'ink so myself, yes," shouted De Grasse who with a fellow Portuguese had grasped the mast, which was now horizontal. "Dis de end, mates. The ship, he capsizes."

Clawing away towards the scuttle, De Grasse reached the stairs only to find them carried away and a torrent of water pouring through the jammed opening to the forecastle. Grasping his countryman's hand, he braced himself, heedless of the cries of the struggling men, and calmly prepared to meet his death. At that instant something swept across his face, and he clutched a rope end. With wild hope he called to his friend to follow and pulled himself hand over hand up the line.

It was the foresail halyard and luckily for the two men was fast to a belaying pin on the starboard rail. Pulling themselves through the narrow aperture, half drowned and with the inrushing water tearing the clothes from their bodies, the two by almost superhuman efforts gained the rail. Still holding to their life line, they slid down the great copper-sheathed bilge of the capsized ship until at last they stood on the broad keel, which as De Grasse says, "was as level as the road."

For an instant they stood there in the black chaos of the storm-lashed night peering at the huge onrushing billows, shouting to learn whether any others were near. As a faint hail came from farther aft the two worked their way along the keel to where the captain and his son were striving to push a whaleboat free of the tangled ropes and rigging. It was one of the spare boats that had been stowed upside down on its skids above the deckhouse and that fortunately had been washed free. Into it De Grasse and his companion clambered, and then by their united efforts the four worked the craft clear. Had it been a regular whaleboat, they might not have succeeded, for a thirty-foot whaleboat is a huge thing for four half-drowned men to handle in a raging tempest; but, as Fate would have it, the craft had been made over into a light giglike boat after having been stove by a whale.



Shouting and yelling to attract the attention of any others who might be swimming, the four paddled round the ship. So intent were they on saving others that they gave no heed to their own peril until a hoarse cry from young Parker warned them. But the warning came too late. A monstrous wave lifted the tiny craft high and with a sickening crash dropped it upon the massive timbers. With a splintering of planks and timbers the boat smashed into matchwood, and De Grasse and his fellow islander found themselves struggling for life alone in the water. Whether the captain and his son were killed by the blow or destroyed by the jagged planks and timbers hurled thither and thither by the waves or drawn under and drowned by one will ever know. De Grasse himself was struck by a broken plank, and his left forearm was nearly severed, but at the time he was unconscious of the injury. All his energies and those of his comrade were bent on saving their lives.

Suddenly De Grasse's hand touched something solid—a remnant of the bow of the boat. Seizing the bit of wreckage, he drew his friend to him. So small was the fragment of a splintered wood that it would hardly support their weight, but by locking their legs and arms and clinging to it they managed to float with only their heads and shoulders above the sea.

Thus throughout the long night the two men drifted, and when day dawned they still lived to look upon a sea as smooth as oil, for the hurricane, having wrought its fury and taken its toll of life, had gone hurtling on its way. The two were the only living things that broke the surface of the vast blue expanse. De Grasse's keen eyes spied three tiny bits of pork—the remnants of some ill-fated shipmate's meal—and he secured them. One tiny bit was all the food that passed the lips of the two men on that first day, and from dawn until night they remained locked in each other's arms, fearing to move lest their frail support should go to pieces. And to add to their fears and their peril huge sharks swam constantly round, gazing with unblinking, baleful eyes at the two men, opening their huge jaws and evidently half-minded to rush at them. Why they did not attack is a mystery.

As the sun sank and the thirst-mad, water-soaked, benumbed men saw darkness descend De Grasse's comrade lost all hope. "We're bound to die," he whispered through salt-cracked lips. "I shall leave the wreckage and die quickly rather than suffer torture another day."

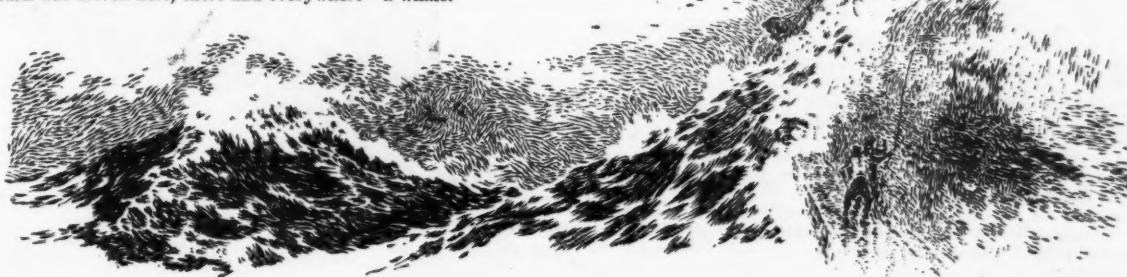
As he spoke he moved as if to throw himself from the tiny fragment of the boat. But De Grasse restrained him. "No, we're alive together; if we die, we die together," he said.

overboard and a large part of the stone ballast had been cast into the sea. It was a bit risky to do it, and the first mate, who was something of a pessimist and a croaker, had left the bark at Barbados declaring that he for one would not sail home in a ship without ballast. But the weather was pleasant; it was summer when fair winds and smooth seas could be expected, and the captain thought that his ship, once out of the West Indian waters and the hurricane belt, was safe even without ballast.

Cape Hatteras had been safely passed and New Bedford was but a few days ahead when the captain's son, who had taken the mate's place, emerging from the companionway, noticed a peculiar brassy haze that caused him instantly to summon his father. Captain Parker gave one quick glance and bawled rapid orders to shorten sail.

"Put her under reefed lower topsails, fore-sail and a rag of spanker," he ordered the second mate. "There's a blow coming."

The other smiled and hurried off to see



"Let us wait through the night and see where the sun rises."

"It will rise in the east," whispered the other.

"If so, then we are still sane," retorted De Grasse. "But if not, we will know we are delirious."

The illogical argument seemed to satisfy the other man, who was far less robust and strong than De Grasse, and he agreed. The men were now so water-soaked and numb that it was impossible for them to move, and De Grasse's hand, still holding the two remaining bits of pork, was so closely locked that he was forced to pry the fingers open with his teeth when on the following morning they ate their second bit of meat.

All through that second fearful day the two remained floating, suffering inconceivable agonies, and throughout the day De Grasse managed to inspire courage and hope in his comrade. The third night passed, and a third day dawned, and still the two lived. They had eaten the last morsel of pork and also a few venturesome crabs that had crawled upon their shoulders, but not a drop of water had passed their swollen lips.

When the fourth awful night was over and the men had agreed to end their tortures as soon as the sun rose De Grasse peered with bloodshot eyes round the rim of the sea in a last faint hope of sighting some passing ship. At first no flicker of sail, no smudge of smoke broke the horizon, and then as the two were borne upward on a long oily roller he could hardly believe his eyes, for sharply defined on the western horizon, was a tiny speck of white gleaming in the early morning light, a sail!

Very faint and far away it was, and had it not been that the captain was anxiously searching the sea for possible German U-boats De Grasse and his companion would

A most kindly, humane man was that schooner's skipper, a man such as you seldom find, for not only did he present each of the two men with a hundred and sixty dollars, to enable them to buy clothing and necessities, but he insisted that they return to New York as his guests and passengers, and that neither should be allowed to work. But at that they demurred. To the whaleman idleness is disgraceful, and rather than be idlers while other men were working they declared they would remain in Brazil. At

last as a compromise the captain agreed to let them serve as quartermasters, and with a nauseating dread of another sea voyage, as De Grasse admits, they once more sailed northward.

By a strange whim of fate, after having endured so much, De Grasse's companion died of influenza in his home soon after he reached New Bedford. But De Grasse regained perfect health and strength, though never again will he go to sea. The mere sight of the sea sickens him; to set foot upon the

deck of a ship, even if it is moored to a dock fills him with terror. He earns a safe and comfortable livelihood in the humble occupation of bootblack. Clad in neat blue dungee, the sole survivor of the Alice Knowles plies his trade and as he wields his brushes entertains his customers with his remarkable tale—that is, if they happen to ask for the story.

"Mebbe de bootblack, he way down," he says with a grin, "but me, I myself know one ting—he don't no can go down no deeper."

## TREASURE SWAMP

By Frank Lillie Pollock



DRAWINGS BY  
HAROLD SIEBEL

### A Chapter Eight The quagmire's victim

T the foot of the little lake Kenneth stopped paddling and peered round. The fog was thinning overhead, but it still lay thick on the water, drifting slowly. Williams had passed out of sight.

As Kenneth listened he heard somewhere far up the lake a heavy muffled splashing that lasted for several seconds; he could not estimate the distance of the sound. He paddled fast again towards the upper end, but he saw nothing, heard nothing more. Sheering aside, he passed in among the swampy islets grown high with reeds and cattails. Here and there wound the intricate channels, sometimes wide enough for the raft to have passed, sometimes too narrow and frequently so shallow that he could touch bottom with the paddle. It was an ideal place for an ambush, but Kenneth was too much excited to think of the chance of receiving a sudden shot. He lost his directions in the maze. It seemed a long time that he paddled up and down the channels, dazed with the fog, feverish and uncertain. Unexpectedly he came out into clearer water and found himself near the lower end of the lake, where he had started.

He came about in a wide curve. But he had gone only a little distance up the lake when he saw a dim object in the haze ahead. He laid down the paddle and picked up his gun. The object drifted nearer, and he saw that it was the raft. But his momentary exultation was checked at once as he noticed how strangely and lightly it rode. Half a dozen strokes carried him alongside. No one, nothing, was aboard it. The deckload of planks was gone. So was all the dunnage.

Angry and confused, Kenneth lay there beside the empty raft for a full minute. Williams had somehow disposed of the cargo; he might have thrust the planks into some of the dense thickets of cedar and fern; he had had time enough for that. It was more likely, however, that he had dropped them overboard where they would sink at once. Kenneth remembered the heavy splashings that he had heard. Of course if the planks could be found they might be lifted, for he felt sure that Williams would have hidden the timber where he might hope to get it again. But probably no one except Williams himself would ever be able to find them. In that mile of mud and reeds and turbid water they would be as hopelessly lost as a needle in a haystack.

In despair Kenneth drove the canoe up through the crooked channels whence the raft seemed to have emerged. The fog was rolling off; he had glimpses of the whole marshy landscape. But he saw no signs along the shore to show where the raft had been moored; the dark water effectively concealed anything that might be beneath it. He

clenched his teeth. His only hope was to capture Williams, but caution

warned him to go no farther without help. Williams might be hiding in the marsh, and he was armed, unscrupulous and vindictive.

Kenneth threaded his way back into the more open water, hopeful that Dick might follow presently. The sun broke suddenly pale and warm. The fog thinned rapidly, and he caught a fleeting glimpse of something moving fast far up the river—something like a ghost or a shadow in the distant haze. It must be a canoe, and the occupant could be no one except Williams!

Forgetting caution, Kenneth dug his paddle into the water and raced in pursuit. He reached the upper end of the lake, where he had a long, straight view of the river above. Far away, almost a mile ahead, he caught a glimpse of a tiny black spot vanishing round the bend. Kenneth imagined what revengeful destruction Williams might perpetrate at the cabin, and straightway started in pursuit.

The water was smooth and easy, but Williams had a long start and was probably the more expert paddler. Halfway up the first reach Kenneth looked back and saw far down at the lower end of the lake a flash in the sun as from a wet paddle blade. Quick as thought he picked up his gun and fired three shots into the air—the wilderness signal for help. Then he doubled over his paddle again, driving the canoe at all the speed of which he was capable. At the bend he crept round carefully, afraid of an ambush, but no one was in sight on the water ahead. In another hundred yards the river bent away again, and the new reach was also empty.

Mile after mile the race went on, and the fugitive's canoe never once showed in front. But Williams could not leave the river. He

might indeed contrive to hide his canoe along the shore and let his pursuer pass; but then, if he doubled back, he would almost certainly encounter Dick.

Neglecting that possibility, Kenneth kept on, sweating over the paddle and panting in the hot, damp air. He did not pause at the curves, but went round them at full speed, hoping to run suddenly into that elusive pair of wild ducks, scared up from the water, went noiselessly overhead. Something in front had startled them, and the circumstance encouraged him.

Suddenly the faint breeze brought him a whiff of smoke. Straightening up, he sniffed. In a moment he smelled it distinctly, the sharp odor of wood smoke with something in it of the tarry smell of peat. Breathlessly he drove the canoe ahead again round another curve, and suddenly, unexpectedly, he saw the cabin landing with its familiar trail and a canoe drawn half its length ashore. The tree tops were full of smoke.

He ran the canoe ashore and, jumping out, cocked his gun and raced up the trail. The peat bog was shrouded in smoke. The cabin, wrapped in denser volumes, was crackling in flame. He rushed up to it, but the fire was bursting high through the roof, and he saw at a glance that he could do nothing to save the building.

Half choked, he backed away and peered round. He could see nothing of the incendiary. The pile of partly dried peat at the edge of the bog was smouldering; wood must have been piled against it and kindled. Most of the dense smoke came from that source. He could not see halfway to the creek, and the workshop was entirely invisible. He rushed in the direction of it and with intense relief saw its walls rising dimly, still unburned. It was more precious than the cabin.

*Kenneth pointed wildly at the gun*



never have been seen. Even when the lookout shouted down that two men were floating on the sea the captain was suspicious.

Perhaps, he thought, it was a new ruse of the Germans, and for long he studied the specks of black before he decided to bear down on them.

To De Grasse and his comrade that was a time of fearful, indescribable suspense. But at last they saw that the vessel was approaching, and as it drew nearer they saw that it was a deeply laden four-masted schooner. Then their hearts sank. The schooner was passing them, sweeping by within a few miles. Of all their sufferings, being passed by a ship almost within reach when they were helpless to wave a hand was the worst. Then to their unspeakable joy the schooner tacked and came racing towards them. They were seen, they were saved!

Close to the two the schooner came into the wind, with her great sails slapping and her sheet blocks rattling and clashing, and through a megaphone the captain hailed them:

"Can you swim to the ship? I have only one boat, and it'll take an hour to lower her."

De Grasse, unable to speak above a whisper, shook his head. The next instant a man balanced himself on the schooner's rail and, plunging into the sea, came swimming to them with powerful strokes. He was the steward and had volunteered to perform the deed—a deed really heroic, with sharks' fins everywhere in sight!

A few moments later the almost lifeless men were on the schooner's decks. So stiff were they that they were as immobile as if carved from stone, and like inanimate objects they were carried to the captain's cabin and there tenderly cared for.

For eight days they were delirious, but at last reason returned, and De Grasse, who alone could speak English, related his story. The schooner was bound from New York to Brazil with coal, and by the time they reached port the two were on the rapid road to recovery.

He ran through the wide-open door and almost collided with Williams, who was in the act of striking a match to light a pile of dead branches on the floor. They both recoiled in surprise. Williams instantly dived for the rifle that was lying beside him. He moved with lightning quickness, but Kenneth's gun was already up, and he shot almost without thinking. The rifle flew out of Williams's hand, with its stock blown to pieces.

"Hands up now, Williams!" Kenneth shouted.

But the man plunged at him instantly through the smoke. Kenneth swung the barrel of his gun, and Williams reeled back from a hard clip on the forehead. With blood running down his face, he stumbled against the peat grinder as if dazed and then, gathering himself together, bolted for the doorway. Kenneth tried to seize him, but Williams knocked him aside. A blinding cloud of smoke whirled down that instant, and



Kenneth stood, blinded and choking. Williams had vanished.

Kenneth remembered the canoe at the landing; Williams would try to regain it! The boy rushed to intercept him. The clouds blew apart again, and he caught a glimpse of the man, who, dazed perhaps either by the blow or by the smoke, had swerved away to the left. He was running toward the bog; Kenneth felt certain now of capturing him.

"Stop!" he yelled. "It will go hard with you if you don't show us where that timber is!"

"It's where you'll never find it!" Williams roared back over his shoulder.

Kenneth fired in the air. The man instantly stopped and wheeled, but Kenneth already had fresh shell in the breech. Wiping the blood from his eyes, Williams glanced round uncertainly and then ran toward the lower end of the bog, where the creek flowed out toward the river. Along the bed of the creek he might force his way through the otherwise impassable circle of swamp.

Kenneth was about to start back to intercept him at the landing, but it occurred to him that, if he once lost sight of the man, he might never find him again. So he tore in pursuit and was not twenty yards behind when Williams approached the thickets closing on the creek. Kenneth raised his gun and shouted again, but Williams, paying no attention, dodged round a tangle of willows, splashed into the shallow stream to cross it and plunged into a flat of soft, bluish mud half crusted over by the sun. To his evident astonishment he went knee deep, but for a few feet he plowed through it by sheer strength, though he went deeper at every step. Suddenly he seemed to settle and sink as if some one had dragged him downward. He looked round at Kenneth with the expression of a trapped wolf.

Kenneth had pulled up with a shock. The boys had given a wide berth to that treacherous creek bed since Kenneth's dangerous experience.

"Stand still! Don't move!" the boy called and looked round hurriedly for a long pole.

But Williams plunged forward, floundering down to his hips now and going every moment deeper in the thin mud and water that boiled and bubbled round his legs. Losing his balance, he fell forward on his face as if swimming and might have drowned immediately had Kenneth not thrust the end of a dead spruce sapling out to him. He gripped it, and Kenneth hauled him to an upright position. But, though he put all his weight and strength into the pull, he could not rescue the man from the grip of the slough. In the end he had to let go. Williams was going down visibly; the slimy surface was now up to his waist; in a few moments it rose to his chest.

"Get some logs—some brush—can't you?" the man cried at last in a stifled voice.

Kenneth had already looked in vain for

any log that he could lift. He pulled off brushwood and threw it into the slough along with the largest sticks of wood that he could find. Williams tried to support some of his weight on them, but they seemed not to help. Slowly his shoulders went under.

Kenneth stared at him helplessly, and Williams looked back at him silently but with eyes full of terror. The cabin collapsed with a crash. Fresh clouds of smoke rolled heavily down the bog.

"Williams, tell us what you did with that timber," Kenneth demanded earnestly.

But Williams shut his mouth hard; if he went down he was going to take the secret with him.

Kenneth looked in despair over the smoke-clouded flats. Surely Dick could not be far away now. He snatched up his gun and again fired three shots. Like an echo a single shot came back, sounding perhaps a quarter of a mile down the river.

"Keep up, Williams! There's help coming!" Kenneth cried wildly.

But at that moment the mud almost surged over Williams's chin, and he threw his head back to keep his mouth clear. He had gone down several inches with a sudden jerk.

A sudden inspiration came to Kenneth. He threw the exploded shell out of his gun and left the breech open. Then he waded into the creek as far as he dared and thrust out the muzzle of the gun at arm's length into Williams's face. "Catch hold!" Kenneth exclaimed. "Put the muzzle in your mouth. Keep the breech up. Breathe through the barrel if you go under."

Williams clutched the gun, and his lips closed on the muzzle. The mire flowed over his chin, over his mouth. His eyes stared wildly for a few seconds, and then disappeared. In a few seconds more only the extended arms, firmly clutching the upright gun barrel, remained above the surface.

Williams could not have been under for more than a minute when Kenneth heard a shout beyond the smoke. He answered. Dim figures came running down the bog, Dick in front, then Uncle Norman with a white bandage round his head and Crawford lumbering heavily in the rear.

Kenneth pointed wildly at the gun standing above the slough. "It's Williams!" he gasped. "Get an air tube to him!"

No one could go near enough to grasp the arms, but with their united strength the four dragged out a large log and heaved it across the slough, and then another. Standing on those, Dick and Crawford seized the drowning man's wrists and pulled. The logs sank a foot with them, but Williams's head came up, and then with a loud sucking noise his whole body emerged, looking like a mass of black, peaty muck. He did not stir as they laid him out on firm ground.

"Too late! Drowned I guess," said Uncle Norman, bending over him.

"He can't be! He had air!" cried Kenneth. He rushed with a hatful of water and sluiced the man's face and then rushed back and returned with another, which removed the mask of mud. Williams moved slightly; his eyes opened and blinked, and he coughed feebly, spitting out a quantity of mud.

Kenneth bent over him. "Williams, where is that timber?" he demanded.

Williams stared up at him. "Sunk!" he murmured. "I'll have to show you."

The timber lay in scarcely three feet of water in one of the shallow channels of the lake and could easily be recovered. When Williams had pointed it out they gave him back his canoe and let him go; they never saw him again.

Four days later the reconstructed raft arrived at Cedar Springs, where they at once shipped the bog wood to Toronto. Crawford had professed to be indifferent, but he was really delighted to obtain the rare wood. When it was finally measured minutely a check for eighteen hundred dollars was paid to Uncle Norman.

Now the Harwood peat fuels are well known through that part of the North. Dick, who is done with his engineering studies, is manager of the factory, which is now established at Cedar Lake and to which the raw peat is floated down in barges. Kenneth spends his vacations in superintending the digging of the peat from the mosquito infested bog. To his great disappointment probing and digging have failed to reveal more than a few more fragments of the black timber, and his first visions of millions in money have vanished. But the profits from the new fuel are increasing steadily, and the three partners are already considering buying and exploiting a second bog farther south.

THE END.

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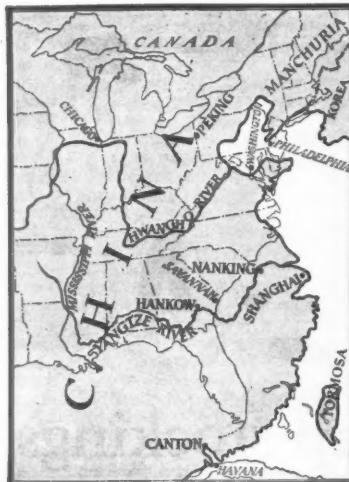
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A map of China placed over a map of the United States, showing comparative distances

#### FACT AND COMMENT

LEARN HOW TO LISTEN to what others say and you will soon be known as a brilliant talker.

"Man's Life is all too brief!" Man writes in Sorrow.  
And then Man sighs, "I wish it were Tomorrow."

THE HABIT OF FAIR PLAY is not an instinct but an acquired characteristic. Play fair yourself and you help others to acquire the habit.

A SALT MINE on the frontier of Ruthenia and Roumania contains a little altar in a setting of strange beauty. Walls of glistening salt lifting their Gothic arches to dim obscurity form a background that lamps on high standards light as with a magic touch. Each facet of salt reflects the yellow rays until the wall seems made of jewels. Morning and night, before and after work, the miners, who are very religious, throng round the little altar.

RACES BETWEEN OSTRICHES, said to be the first of the kind ever held in Europe, were run near Berlin a few weeks ago. The ostriches were harnessed to bamboo sulkius equipped with pneumatic tires. Each driver carried a light stick with which he touched the bird occasionally to prevent it from following its usual zigzag course. The distances covered were from a mile to a mile and a half. Nino, a gray-headed four-year-old, won the first European championship.

FOREST RANGERS in the state of Washington have discovered that by using the branches of trees instead of the customary wire antenna they can send radio messages over a distance of two or three miles. All they have to do is to drive a copper nail into the trunk of a tree, connect the sending instrument with it and begin to send. Experiments are now in progress to increase the efficiency of the contrivance, which should prove of great service in enabling rangers to keep in touch with their stations and with one another.

THE PYGMY TRIBES of the Aruwimi country in Central Africa are an interesting people. An English traveler, recently returned, gives this glimpse of them: "Like sensitive wild animals trapped, they are extremely shy and nervous when holding intercourse with strangers, but when sure of their surroundings they are quick-witted and cunning and can be very fierce. Monkey is their favorite food, which they usually eat raw or merely toasted. Their only idea of adornment is to daub their faces with red, blue or black paint and to wear small sticks or pieces of straw through a hole in the sides of the nose. They inhabit little leafy beehive huts."

WHEN COLUMBUS LANDED for the first time in the New World he found the Indians who greeted him "a very poor people." His friend Las Casas, who wrote the abstract of the Journal of the First Voyage to America that has recently been published, gives the admiral's own account of his interview with the natives as follows: "I was very attentive to them and strove to learn if they had any gold. Seeing some of them with little bits of this metal hanging at their noses, I gathered from them by signs that by going southward or steering

around the island in that direction there would be found a king who possessed large vessels of gold and in great quantities." The first thought, even of the man who had just discovered a new world, was of gold!

#### CANADIAN WHEAT POOLS

AMONG the things that the farmer should watch are the wheat pools that the Canadian grain-growers have organized. Like their fellows in the United States, the Canadian farmers are dissatisfied with the old, established ways of marketing their grain, and they are especially anxious that the whole Canadian crop shall not be dumped on the market at the end of the harvest season—a practice that always has an unfortunate effect on the prices that the wheat farmer can command.

Two years ago the Alberta wheat-growers organized a wheat pool of their own after the Dominion government had failed to suggest a practical scheme for marketing the entire Canadian crop. The farmers summoned Mr. Aaron Shapiro, a famous expert in co-operation, to help them establish the pool, and, though they never controlled more than thirty-four million bushels,—scarcely ten per cent of the crop,—they got prices almost fifty per cent higher than the bulk of the crop brought. The plan worked so well that this year the Saskatchewan farmers fell in line and organized a pool that controls nearly seven million acres of wheat land. Owing to the short crop in Canada this year, everyone is sure of getting a good price for whatever grain he has, but it is expected that the members of the pool will do a great deal better than those farmers who stayed out.

The arrangement differs from some of the selling projects that have been proposed on this side of the line, for the Canadian farmer has not thought of keeping up the price of wheat at home and disposing of his surplus for whatever price he can get for it. His idea is to get as much as he can for his entire crop but not to charge the consumer in Canada any more than he can get from customers in Great Britain.

Some of the enthusiastic advocates of the co-operative pool believe that the principle can be extended to include the entire world. There is no doubt that it would be to the advantage of the wheat-grower if that could be done, for the wheat land of the world if pushed to the extreme of production would supply a great deal more wheat than can be sold at a profit. But, though we can imagine a workable arrangement between Canadian farmers and those of the United States to restrict production and control the marketing of wheat, we doubt whether such an arrangement could be extended to other quarters of the globe without a good many years of education and propaganda. By no means all the grain-growers of the world are as intelligent as our own farmers and those of Canada. But within the limits that must be set for it the Canadian experiment promises to bring increased profits to those who take part in it.

#### TEACHING LOCAL HISTORY

SOME years ago a group of Harvard undergraduates petitioned the faculty to establish a course of instruction in the history of the university. The request was denied at the time. It may have required too much preparation, but the idea of including local history in the college curriculum was a good one.

The story of the past, like the news of the day, which is history in the making, has an appeal that is in inverse ratio to distance, both in time and in space. In theory the plan of beginning at the beginning seems logical and attractive, but in practice it results in vagueness. We really know as little about the beginning of things as we do of the end of them, but what everyone is immediately interested in is how the things he sees about him came to be and what has happened in the place where he lives, whether it happened long ago or yesterday. Ultimately, of course, history taught from that point of view will include all that is known about the past anywhere, since all things are related; but when the instruction begins with events near at hand instead of with those that are far away the knowledge acquired has an immediate reality and concreteness.

Not every college, of course, has so long and significant a record as Harvard, or every town the historical associations of Cambridge; but there is no community that has

not some traditions, some traces of an interesting past. Of a mushroom city in the new oil region of the Southwest the story is told that the inhabitants take visitors to view the oldest house in town and announce with pride that it is all of three years old. But in that relatively short period as much may have happened in the place as during three score years or even three centuries in some other places. Whatever the length of the period, the children as well as their parents are sure to be more interested in the experiences of the first settlers in the vicinity than in the far off wars, kings, politics and migrations of strange races.

As a matter of fact children have always had instruction in local history by word of mouth; they have always listened with avidity to old-time stories. But the practice of telling local legends is dying out. Neither the children nor their elders seem to have as much time for such things as they used to have. To that condition the teaching in school can adapt itself, and local historical societies, chapters of patriotic societies and literary organizations can do really fruitful work by helping to prepare material for the study of local history from town records, church annals, files of local newspapers, private collections of letters and historical souvenirs. The history of local industries is always of interest and usually available. Prizes for essays on such subjects would stimulate interest. In school publications and at the closing exercises reviews of local history periods always attract close attention.

#### SOLITUDE

SOLITUDE in reasonable measure is good for the soul, but there are many people who have too much of it. The working out of the law that to him that hath shall be given finds no better illustration than in the apportionment of solitude. To the active, confident, successful person it is a condition so abnormal as to require a special effort in order to attain it, yet persons who have what the psychologists are now accustomed to term "an inferiority complex" have to make an even harder effort in order to escape from the solitary habit of mind and soul that is the outgrowth of their diffidence and consciousness of unsuccess. They are solitary even when they are in the companionship of others—overborne by the idea that they are not sufficiently individual to make a definite and interesting impression.

Since solitude has invariably a chastening influence on the mind it is bad for people who are already too heavily chastened by the circumstances of life. For the same reason, it is good for people who are too self-confident, too well satisfied with their affairs and with their relation to the world. Sometimes persons who are ostensibly desirous of solitude find that they cannot endure it. They seek escape from it in books or in music or in chance companions. Books, music and companions all have an honorable and useful part in life; but a solitude in which there is nothing to distract the mind from meditation has something to offer that those who are so instantly affrighted by it can never enjoy. It is in solitude that creative thought has its birth. In solitude also the spiritual nature of man has its most complete development. Even if our lives have to be concerned most of the time with material things, even if power for creative thought does not seem to be one of our native endowments, withdrawing occasionally into solitude is likely to make us more perceptive of the spiritual values of life.

#### THE CHILD-LABOR AMENDMENT

THE discussion of the proposed twentieth amendment to the Constitution bids fair to become warm as the time approaches for the meeting of the legislatures that are to act upon it. In order that our readers may understand precisely what is proposed we print the amendment, which is in two sections:

Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

Section 2. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article, except that the operation of the state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by Congress.

It is understood that many states already have satisfactory laws against the abuse of child labor. But other states have been backward in that respect, and on two occasions the advocates of national legisla-

tion have put through Congress bills intended to force something like a uniform standard of child-labor conditions throughout the country. Both of those laws were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The proposed amendment is drawn to give to Congress the power that according to the court it does not now possess. The amendment does not in itself forbid or limit the labor of children; it merely gives Congress the power to do it.

The argument in favor of such an amendment is obvious. There are great numbers of children from ten to sixteen years of age who are employed in mills, mines or clothing factories. It would be better for them to stay in school, at least until they have "got their growth." Some states see to it that they do. Other states do not. In fairness to those children who have no protection from their own states the nation should, it is urged, step in to give them the same advantages of healthful living and education that other children have.

Those who oppose the amendment do it on three separate grounds. They argue that the amount of really harmful child labor is much exaggerated, and that it is steadily decreasing under state legislation. They object to the interference of the national government in the domestic concerns of the states and foresee as a consequence of such legislation that the field of home rule will be continually narrowed, and that one proper subject for local control after another will pass into the hands of national bureaus and national officials. Finally they think that Congress may forbid well-grown young persons to do work that is both healthful in itself and of service to their families. There is nothing in the amendment, they say, to prevent Congress from forbidding a boy of sixteen or seventeen from helping his father on the farm during the summer.

It is already apparent that there will be strong opposition to the amendment. The legislatures of four Southern states have already acted on it, and only one of the four has ratified it. Since a three-fourths majority of all the states is necessary to pass the amendment, an adverse vote in only ten of the remaining forty-four states will be enough to defeat it. Whatever may be the fate of the amendment, we hope the discussion that it arouses will cause states that have inadequate laws on the matter to amend them at once.

#### CIVIL WAR IN CHINA

WHEN a few years ago widespread civil war in China ended with the defeat by General Wu Pei-fu of Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian bandit turned war lord, the outlook seemed favorable for the union of China under one government and the establishment of order and national responsibility.

The hopes of that day have been only partly realized, and the new civil war that has now broken out shows that the rival military politicians are more intent on their own corrupt ambitions than on restoring national unity.

Chang, after his defeat by Wu, withdrew into Manchuria, whither Wu did not feel strong enough to follow him. Chang has devoted himself to repairing his finances and strengthening his army with a view to invading northern China again and capturing Peking. As a first step in the campaign his allies in the south—for the Anhui, or pro-Japanese, party, to which Chang belongs, has adherents in the south too—have begun hostilities against the government. They are aided also by Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Canton republic, who fears that, if General Wu succeeds in uniting China, his own political influence will be gone.

Chang's plan is to draw the military strength of his enemies to the south, and then pour his own armies down from Manchuria against Peking. The indications are that China is in for a civil war that may last long and be bloody.

Both the Chihli party of General Wu and the Anhui party of General Chang are militaristic organizations. None of the Chinese leaders—unless it be Sun Yat-sen, who is reported to have turned Bolshevik—has any friendliness for popular government, as we in the West understand the term, but in character the Chihli leaders are clearly superior. They are attached to their country and ambitious to restore it to a place of sovereignty. They are not, like Chang, men who have been notorious lawbreakers or secret agents of another nation. They have

not, like General Lu, who is Chang's ally in the south, revived and encouraged the opium trade to their own profit but to the degradation of their countrymen.

So much of the fighting is now going on round Shanghai, where foreign interests are large, that the Western powers have sent ships and men to protect those interests. It is by no means unlikely that they will find work to do. The Christian missionaries in the disturbed regions, both north and south, will probably be called to the coast, where they will be comparatively safe. Real intervention on the part of foreign powers is unlikely and would be unwise, but if it were attempted it certainly should be exercised in support of the Peking government.

The distances in China are magnificent, particularly north and south. By comparing them with those on our own Atlantic seaboard we can perhaps get a better idea of the difficulties the Chinese campaigners face. If we let Philadelphia represent Peking, Manchuria, where Gen. Chang rules, will cover New England, New York and much of eastern Canada. The Nanking-Shanghai region will correspond to southern Georgia, and Canton will be represented by Havana. The only railways of importance in that great extent of territory lie between Peking and Hankow and Peking and Shanghai. They are therefore available for the use of General Wu and the central government, and, since Wu is likely to have to fight on two fronts, he will find the railways a great help. Moving armies over the wretched Chinese roads in districts not served by railways is an extremely slow and laborious business, and the war, if it becomes general, is likely to be long-drawn-out.

## The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

**F**ROM time to time we get a letter from a subscriber who says he has observed that most of the stories in *The Companion* are New England stories. We wonder how that impression gets abroad. Perhaps it is because *The Companion* is edited in Boston; perhaps it is because Mr. C. A. Stephens's popular tales of the old home farm in Maine are too well remembered. For the statement is not true: the stories in *The Companion* deal with all parts of the country. In that respect the number for next week is typical. The scene of *Nerve*, Mr. Longstreth's spirited story for boys, is indeed laid in Vermont; but the scene of *The Wind's Will*, Miss West's charming family story, is laid in Missouri; the scene of the current serial, *The Mysterious Tutor*, is laid in the South, and the scene of *Jonesy's Doll*, Edwin Cole's novel and exciting tale of adventure, is laid in Arizona. Seventy-five per cent, you see, of the fiction in the issue concerns other parts of the country than New England.

## CURRENT EVENTS

**D**EENSE DAY, according to the report of the army authorities, was most successful. No less than 16,792,000 persons responded to the call to take part in one or another of the manifold activities that would be necessary in case of a national emergency. The machinery for the instant mobilization of industry and transportation was tested and found to be practical; the National Guard and the reserves turned out in full numbers, and there were public demonstrations of considerable impressiveness.

**A** DIFFICULT subject that must come up sooner or later is that of the debts of the Allies to the United States. Great Britain has made an arrangement with our government, but France and Italy owe us large sums that their financial situation has not permitted them to reduce by so much as a single payment. It is reported that M. Heriot means to take up the matter in the immediate future. His minister of finance is at work on the problem, and he is said to be

favorably disposed toward a plan of payment suggested by Mr. E. N. Hurley, who was chairman of the United States Shipping Board during the war. The plan provides for a five-year moratorium and then the fixing of interest at two and one half per cent and for a sinking-fund allowance of one half of one per cent. That would extinguish the debt in sixty or seventy years and amount to a reduction of nearly seventy per cent of the total obligation, principal and interest, as compared with the original charge at five per cent for interest. It is also suggested that the United States government reinvest one half of the annual payments in French industrial securities, so that the entire capital represented in the payments shall not be withdrawn from France.

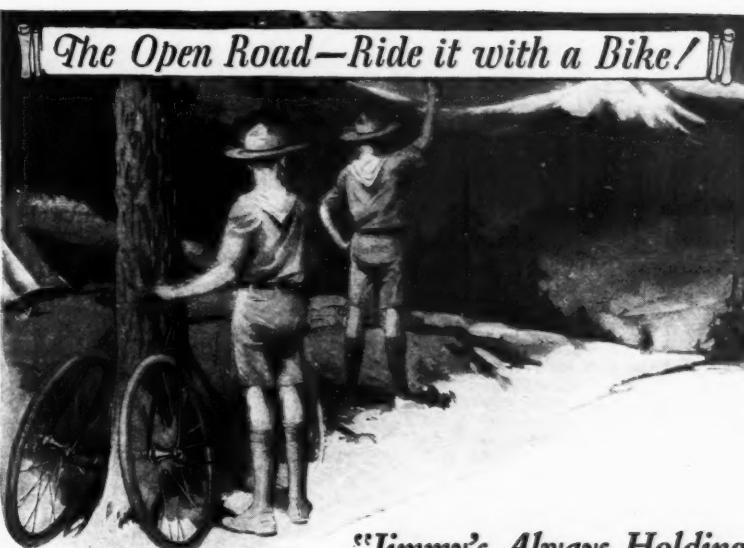
**TAXATION**, national, state and municipal, reached the enormous total of \$7,716,000,000 in 1923. That is \$750,000,000 more than it was in 1922, and \$5,500,000,000 more than it was in 1913. Here is one very effective cause of the "high cost of living" of which everyone complains. We cannot permit it to increase at the present rate without endangering first our prosperity and then our political stability.

**I**T has been common in certain quarters to assail France as "militaristic." There are Frenchmen against whom that charge can fairly be made, just as there are Germans, Englishmen and even Americans against whom it can be made; but what the critics of France call its militarism is for the most part merely a passionate desire for security against such terrible invasions as it suffered in 1914. At the recent meeting of the League of Nations the voice of France was uplifted for an absolutely compulsory peace. The French delegates spoke for a definite League covenant that should compel every sort of international dispute to go to arbitration or the world court, and that should not recognize the possibility of legitimate warfare for any cause. A nation that urges that cannot fairly be described as militaristic.

**P**UBLIC order in Italy has not been helped by the murder of the Fascist deputy Casalini, who was killed by a Socialist in revenge for the recent murder of the Socialist politician Matteotti. The funeral of Casalini was made the occasion of such an extraordinary outpouring of the people of Rome that a procession of thirty thousand men and women followed his body to the grave. They take their politics with exemplary seriousness in Italy, but the government cannot safely permit reciprocal political assassinations to continue. That way lies open civil war. Premier Mussolini, the newspapers say, is awake to that fact and means to take measures to restrain the sanguinary ardor of his followers.

**S**PEAKING of Fascism, an outbreak of something much like it seems to have broken out in Chile. The precise causes of the coup that led President Alessandri to resign and fly for his life are not clear even after reading the explanatory dispatches from Santiago and Buenos Aires; but it is certain that Alessandri was something of a liberal who stood for advanced labor legislation, an income tax, financial reforms and economy in the public service; and the men who overthrew him and put General Altamarino into office as president are all "reactionaries" and officers in the Chilean army. The outlook for tranquillity in Chile is bad, for Alessandri has always been popular with the voters, and they may not submit quietly to the forcible extinction of his party.

**C**REAT BRITAIN is considerably stirred by the news that Premier MacDonald has about \$150,000 worth of shares in a profitable biscuit company, given to him by the president of the company, Sir Alexander Grant, who owes his title to the Premier's recommendation. Mr. MacDonald explains that he and Sir Alexander have been friends from boyhood, and that the gift was made to enable him to keep motor car, which he could not of his own means afford. No one suspects any corruption, for the lifelong attachment of Sir Alexander to Mr. MacDonald is well-known; but it is felt that the Premier committed a political blunder in accepting so considerable a gift while in office, even from so old a friend.



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# The CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Little Bear's Halloween Joke on Father Bear

By Frances Margaret Fox

ATE in October one year the Three Bears went on a long journey; they walked and walked until they reached the borders of the Ancient Forest. Then said huge Father Bear: "We must go no farther on this trail. When I stayed behind on the hilltop for a look into the

"Come goblins, come all,  
Please come at my call.  
Just play I'm your queen, queen, queen,  
And come to my party this Hallow-  
een—een—een!"

DRAWINGS BY  
WALT HARRIS

valley I saw houses through the trees, with smoke curling from the chimneys."

"Hush!" warned Mother Bear. "There is a little brown house under this very hill. Do you see it, straight down the trail, just the other side of the rustic bridge?"

"Oh, I see it!" cried Little Bear.

Just then the door of the little brown house opened wide and out walked a little girl swinging a shining tin pail.

"She must be Goldilocks," whispered Little Bear. "Her hair is dandelion yellow."

The little girl began to sing a gay and foolish song of her own as she crossed the rustic bridge. Little Bear knew in a moment that she made up the words and the queer wavering tune:

"To all goblins in the wood:  
This is the night you must be good.  
If I catch you, I'll put you'n a box,  
Because my name is Goldilocks!  
And this is Halloween—een—een,  
And this is Halloween!"

The little girl stopped singing while she filled her pail with water from a spring. When she started back to her little brown house she continued her song:

"Oh, goblins, go hunt for Little Bear  
And try to give him a dreadful scare!  
River folks and all the fishes,  
Do come and wash my mother's dishes!  
For this is Halloween—een—een,  
For this is Halloween."

When Goldilocks reached the door of the little brown house where she lived she stood on the top step and, looking toward the darkening woods, sang in loud clear tones that sounded like elfin pipings:

*He had never been more startled in his life*

"Such nonsense!" remarked Father Bear as Goldilocks went laughing into the house and closed the door behind her.

"Now, if you please, what are goblins?" asked Little Bear.

"Goblins are nonsense, just nonsense!" Father Bear replied.

"Would a goblin get you?" persisted Little Bear.

"Goblins could not get me," Father Bear said with a wink at Mother Bear, "but I have heard that goblins do go skipping about on Halloween, trying to scare small fry."

"If I see one, I'll run away from him like this!" announced Little Bear, and he ran like the wind up the hill.

"Look here!" called Father Bear. "Don't you ever run away from a goblin. If you see one tonight, you face him. Run straight toward him and say, 'Boo! Boo! Boo!' "

Before the Three Bears stopped laughing Little Bear said, "Well, if I do catch one, do you care if I try to scare you with him?"

"Oh, haw! haw! haw!" roared Father Bear. "Scare me if you can, but first remember you must catch your goblin."

Mother Bear told her family that instead of catching goblins she believed it would be wiser to build their camp while daylight lasted; there would be time enough to look for goblins after dark.

So they built their shelter for the night of logs and oak branches and made three beds of pine boughs and three balsam pillows. When the work was done they were so pleased with it that they took turns peeping into their sleeping room. One wall of their camp was a huge gray rock, and the three remaining walls were of logs and green and brown and red-leaved oak branches. There was an opening left like a door close by the rock on the side toward the valley, and in every one of the three leafy walls open spaces were left for windows. Little Bear called them goblin windows because he said he wished to get up often in the night to look for goblins.

When supper was over and the sun had set Father Bear went for a stroll. He told Mother Bear that he wished to visit a friend who was camping with his family on the

other side of the hill. It might be late before he returned.

When Father Bear was gone Mother Bear told Little Bear all she knew about Halloween, and they had a delightful time. Because it was cold, they snuggled together inside their doorway while they talked. One by one the birds stopped calling to one another through the woods and went to sleep; one by one the stars came out high in the sky over the valley.

Suddenly from far down the trail came the sound of elfin voices singing these lines over and over:

"We are a jolly, jolly band,  
We are goblins from goblin-land,

For this is Halloween—een—een,  
For this is Halloween!"

The shrill sweet voices came nearer and nearer, and Little Bear cuddled closer and closer to his mother.

"Goblins are coming up the trail," he whispered.

Suddenly an alarming thing appeared in the starlight. A grinning face with a light inside its head was bobbing about on a slim body wrapped in a white sheet. The thing had a long, long neck. Another and another and a dozen more followed, one behind the other; and with them was one tall, frightful goblin who came striding up the hill as if he had been sent for.

"Will the goblins get us?" whispered Little Bear.

"Goblins? Nonsense," answered Mother Bear, laughing softly. "Those shining heads are nothing but jack-o'-lanterns, and jack-o'-lanterns are nothing but pumpkins scooped out inside with candles in them!"

"Oh, but jack-o'-lanterns are just as scary for strangers as goblins are," Little Bear told her. He was shivering with fright.

The tall, frightful goblin gave a signal, the grinning faces turned toward the valley and the goblin band began marching down the trail. Mother Bear advised Little Bear to keep perfectly still; but he was so excited that he couldn't. He stepped on a dry twig and made a crackling noise.

"Halt!" said the leader of the goblins. "Methinks I heard a noise in the thicket, like a rabbit hopping!"

One step the goblin took toward the thicket and bowed its frightful head on a long, long neck straight toward Little Bear.

Though Little Bear was dreadfully frightened, he obeyed Father Bear. Out he stepped instantly and fairly howled, "Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Straightway every goblin lost his head and ran down the trail screaming and screaming; and they left their sheets behind them.

"She must be Goldilocks"

The tall goblin called and called as he followed. Soon little feet were heard patterning across the rustic bridge and little voices were heard wailing: "Open the door for Goldilocks! Open the door! Open the door!"

Mother Bear laughed and laughed, and the tall goblin laughed too, but of course they didn't laugh together.

Then Mother Bear made Little Bear walk out with her into the road and pick up a goblin head to see for himself that it was only a pumpkin scooped out with a candle inside. Some of the candles were still burning. Suddenly Little Bear began to laugh merrily.

"Let's scare Father Bear," said he, "so long as we have caught the goblins!"

That is how it happened that when Father Bear came swinging down the trail a few minutes later he beheld a fearsome sight. In every goblin window of his Halloween camp was a goblin head with a fire inside it and a grinning face with wide open mouth and big teeth to greet him. Until he saw the goblins Father Bear was singing cheerfully:

"Ta-de-dum,  
Ta-de-dum,  
Ta-de-dum-dum-du—"

He didn't finish "dum"; he went as far as "du" and left the tip end of his song unsung, for he had never been more startled in his life. After a moment he said in a voice that shook with terror:

"Goblins?  
Nonsense!"



"Come out of my house, you—you goblins!"

Two of them shook their heads, waggy-wag.

Father Bear made a growling sound and took a few backward steps. Then he called rather softly, "Mother Bear, Little Bear, where are you? Oh, where are you!"

There was no answer. Then said Father Bear, "Ho, hum, goblins,

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did you get my Little Bear? Speak up, I say. Answer me at once."

Two other goblins nodded their heads slowly, waggety-wag.

At that Father Bear began to weep and wail, "Oh, I know the goblins got my Little Bear! The goblins got my Little Bear, and he'll be a goblin too! Oh, what shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo—hoo!"

That was too much for Little Bear's tender heart. "Oh, don't be scared, Father Bear," he called cheerfully. "It's just a joke. Goblins are just for fun. These goblins are nothing but jack-o'-lanterns, and jack-o'-lanterns are nothing but pumpkins. Now you see, I'll put my hands right in this one's mouth and break his big teeth right off ker-smash! He's only a pumpkin!"

It was some time before Father Bear got over his terrible scare and the Three Bears put out the candles and went happily to bed. But scarcely were they snuggled down in their three beds for the night, with their heads on their three balsam pillows, when again they heard voices on the trail. This time a man and a tall boy were talking quite loudly.

"Goldilocks sticks to it that she saw two bears tonight," the man was saying. "She says she saw a middle-sized one and a little one. It was imagination of course. Now just where were you with the children when she thought she saw the bears?"

"Right about here, father," answered the boy, "I'll hold the lantern and you look round."

So the boy held the lantern, and the man looked round. He almost knocked over the Three Bears' camp while he was looking for them.

"There aren't any bears here," he said at last. "Our Goldilocks has never been the same since she so impolitely entered the Three Bears' cabin in the old forest that time and had such a scare. We shall tell the children at the party that Goldilocks was mistaken; she certainly didn't see any bears tonight."

"I told you so!" grumbled the tall boy as he and his father went down the trail in the darkness.

The Three Bears were up and away before dawn the next morning, and they traveled miles and miles into the deep forest before they dared to stop to catch fish for breakfast and laugh about goblin jokes.

• •

### WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

By Margaret C. Lysaght

Betty Babbitt has a rabbit  
That can jump and squeal.  
Billy Burrill has a squirrel  
That can ride a wheel.

Benny Britten has a kitten  
That can romp and mew.  
But I think my baby brother  
Is the best, don't you?

• •

### FAIRY BEDTIME

By Daisy D. Stephenson

THE fairies of the forest ways are sent to bed these autumn days. The Granny of the elfin band is very firm; at her command the yawning sprites from all about their winter sleeping suits haul out.

The fairies snuggle up between the warmest blankets ever seen—broad fuzzy leaves of mullein grew for this one thing the summer through. Their pillows are of thistledown; their hammocks, milkweed pods of brown. The goldenrod burns torches clear, so sleepyheads undress with cheer. And Granny tucks them in all snug with everywhere a good-night hug. Their lullaby a cricket plays; his fiddle soothes the drowsy fays.

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## THE OLD HOME

By Agnes Montgomery

*A little hermit of a house, it sits among the trees,  
A wild brook skipping by its feet, wake-robin  
round its knees.  
A kindly bluff leans over it to warn the storms  
away,  
And only gentle winds seek out its roof of mossy  
gray.  
Its old stone flags are overgrown with star-eyed  
meadow grass,  
Awhile the swooning bee abides—the wood folk  
pause and pass.  
Untenanted its silent rooms, unswept its dusty  
sill,  
But breezes wend the roses 'neath its open casement still.  
The weavers of the wood have hung a basket close  
beside  
The locust where in years agone the robin brought  
his bride.  
Gay dragon flies hold carnival its shrub-grown  
paths along  
And far beyond the hazels hear the hermit thrush's  
song.  
Its notes come drifting far to me, across long  
wanderings,  
Low toned, alburning witchery like winds o'er  
muted strings.  
And in the dusk of weary eves through Fancy's  
lifted bars  
I see my hermit of a house a-welcoming the stars.  
Dear phantom of the loved return to light its  
hearth with me,  
Renewing fires of faith that burn unto Eternity!*

### IN THE STORM

BERTHA BATES, a girl of seventeen years, was visiting her grandmother on the farm. One afternoon when all the men were away and the two women were left alone in the big farm house an electric storm passed over them. The sky was covered by clouds as black as ink, lightning tore continually through the air, and crashes of deafening thunder followed. Bertha was terror-stricken and wondered at the calmness of her grandmother, who sat quietly in her chair, looking out at the storm. "Granny, it's awful," cried Bertha, flinging herself down beside her grandmother and grasping her hand. "We shall be killed."

"And what if we are?" replied her grandmother coolly. "Many people have gone to heaven in a storm."

"Aren't you afraid, granny? Aren't you sensible of the danger?" cried the girl.

"Bertha," said her grandmother, "did you never hear of the little girl and her father who were caught in just such a storm as this a mile or so from this very house. The father picked his little one up in his arms, covered her with his cape and started for home. He said the little girl sighed contentedly as she slipped her arm round her father's neck. She cuddled close to his shoulder. The man stumbled on through the storm while the child fell fast asleep!"

"Why, yes, granny; I've heard my father tell that story about me," said Bertha, "but he was big and strong and had me in his arms."

"We are in our Heavenly Father's arms today, Bertha," said her grandmother; "isn't He as strong and big and kind as your own good father? If you could trust your father, do you not think that you can also trust God, your Heavenly Father? So long as He has us in his everlasting arms of love, all is well."

"You're a saint, granny," declared Bertha. "I wish I could trust like you."

"That little girl was a perfect saint, Bertha," said Grandma Bates. "I wish that I could trust as she did and could go calmly to sleep even in the midst of a storm."

Bertha's trembling ceased. She drew closer to her grandmother, and the two women watched in silence, absorbed each in her own thoughts, as the storm passed away, giving place to a calm and beautiful evening.

"I think God spoke to me in that storm," said Bertha quietly and thoughtfully. "I never before had such peace in my soul."

### AS SHE SAW IT

MADMOISELLE GABRIELLE, writes a contributor, stood with me at the gate of my little garden here in the lovely Berkshire country watching the cloud shadows fly across the great rounded hillsides. She had come to America as a governess to two dear little boys, after doing fine service with the American Red Cross in Paris during the war; for she spoke English very well.

"You like it in this country?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" she said eagerly. "Indeed, there is only one thing that,—she stopped as if to listen to the crashing of the lumbermen's axes on the wooded slopes above us,—one thing that hurts. If they could only have over in France even a small part of the wood that goes to waste here—that rots on the ground, and that no one cares to save. So many old people and little children would be warm over there when the winter comes, who suffer with the cold because wood to burn is so scarce. It is to me so strange how they waste the wood in America! In France they are careful how many trees are cut down, and they gather for fuel all the dead branches and small limbs and even the broken twigs."

"And because your forests are not destroyed without thought for what is to replace them, your streams will not dry up," I said.

"It is true!" she told me. "There, when a tree is felled another one is planted, and even the twigs, as I said, are tied into fagots by the poor who cannot afford to buy loads of wood such as pass down these roads while I sit here with the children. If they would only think once that where anything is wasted something must always be found to take its place. If logs rot on the ground, or fire sweeps over the hills, more trees—trees that have taken years to grow—must be cut down to take the place of what has been destroyed without having given service to any one. Just as when food is wasted on the plate or in the kitchen always other food must be bought and paid for to supply its place, when the price of it might have saved a poor child from going hungry or have given some one a pleasure or a holiday or a warm bit of clothing. Ah, when one has seen the poor hungry and cold because there is so little food,—so little wood,—yes, it hurts!"

### STUBBORN

**I**f ever the term "set" fitted anybody, that person was certainly old Eli Applegate. Compared with him a mule was docile and yielding. Eli and his son John had taken a contract to supply the county with fifty cords of wood. As Eli was minus a left arm, the cutting and loading fell to John. Eli was to haul the wood down to the jail yard, where it would be corded up to season through the summer.

Eli's axe had been ringing up on the mountain side for a week or more before Eli with his teaming wagon drawn by a team of mules made his first appearance at the clearing. The old man maneuvered his team alongside a pile of cord wood, and John began rapidly to load the wood on the wagon. When he had finished Eli mounted to the top of the load, wound the lines round his waist and prepared to depart.

"I wish you wouldn't tie the lines round you, father," remonstrated his son. "It's dangerous."

"Nonsense!" returned the old man querulously. "I've got to have my hand free to work the brake, haven't I? And I can jerk a line just as well with my foot, can't I? And the lines aren't tied, anyway. Well, then! Giddap!" The last word was addressed to the mules, which obediently moved off.

The road wound gradually down the mountain side and was at times almost level. Near the latter part of the descent there was a steep bit, and the old man thrust the brake rod a notch or two farther up. There was a snap, and the wagon surged forward on the heels of the mules. The mules gave a frightened leap, and before Eli knew what had happened he was jerked off the load and down between them. As he struck the ground a blow from a flying hoof landed on his shoulder, and that was the last he knew for some time.

When at last the old man opened his eyes he found that the mules had dragged him for some distance. Evidently the lines had finally become unwound and he had rolled free. Of the mules and the wagon there was no sign.

Painfully he rose to his feet and with a bleeding head, a broken collar bone and an ache in every muscle of his body started down the road.

It was not until he had reached the foot of the mountain that he came upon the mules, browsing on the underbrush at the side of the road. Strange to say, the wagon had suffered no injury and, aside from the loss of a few sticks of wood, the load was intact.

Gritting his teeth with the pain, the old man slowly climbed to the top of the load, wound the lines round his waist and drove on toward town.

### A BATTLE ROYAL

**I**n the early seventies, writes a correspondent, when I was about ten years old my father moved to Atascosa County in Texas and settled on the Galvan creek near the old Shiloh church. The house was built on a sandy ridge in the forks of the creek. There were several large live-oak trees growing on this ridge, and almost every one of them was covered with mustang grape vines that bore freely.

Father built a house and put a fence round it, dug a well and fenced in a small place for a garden. Near the corner of this inclosure was a small cluster of bushes that was a menace to us all summer, for it contained two large wasp nests and a hornets' nest. The insects were always on the war path, and we had a wholesome respect for them.

The cattle in those days went where they pleased. Every time there was a shower of rain

anywhere near us the cattle would drift to the place where it had fallen. We had had several good showers during the week, and lots of new cattle had begun to appear round our place. One evening I was up in one of the live oaks when I heard a bull bellowing a challenge behind the house. Soon a big black and white bull appeared round the corner of the garden. An answering challenge came from the lake side, and pretty soon a red bull, as large as the first one, came out of the tall weeds and made straight for the challenger. They came toward each other slowly, stopping every few steps, bowing their heads and giving a snort and a bellow of anger. When they were about fifteen or twenty feet apart they began to paw up the dirt and let it fall on their backs. They looked at each other for a moment and then suddenly started for each other on the run. They came together like two battering rams. The meeting was so terrific that they were both almost doubled up, and a cloud of dust arose from their backs that nearly hid them from sight. Then they began lunging, pushing and hooking at each other in the most savage manner imaginable. Every few minutes they would stop with horns locked and flanks heaving, and rest for a little while to catch their wind. Then they would begin lunging and hooking again.

The fight lasted for almost an hour, and both the bulls got tired. After they had taken a longer rest than usual the spotted bull gave an unusually vicious lunge against the other and drove him back fifteen or twenty feet; then, jumping back a little, he wheeled and ran swiftly away, the red bull in hot pursuit. As the spotted bull turned the corner of the garden fence the other lowered his head to gore him in the hams, but caught his foot against a broken piece of fence post that was lying on the ground. He fell heavily and, rolling over, broke down the clump of bushes that held the wasps and hornets' nests.

The vicious little warriors buzzed out angrily and began to make things lively for the red bull. He shook himself again and again and tried to fight them off by switching his tail, but to no avail. They continued to ply their stings with unabated fury. The bull soon found that he could not make any headway in the unequal contest, he raised his tail high in the air, gave a loud bellow and headed for the high weeds whence he had come. He dashed through the fringe of weeds and small brush and plunged into the lake at full speed. He disappeared for a few moments and then came to the surface and swam rapidly for the opposite shore. When he scrambled out of the water he went straight over the hill without pausing or looking back. It was evident that he had had enough of that part of the country.

### BIRD HUSBANDS

**B**IRD husbands round their nests are much like human husbands round their homes. Some human husbands, as we know, plan the new home from cellar to garret; some choose the furniture; some purchase the food; and some even help to wash dishes. Occasionally a specially good and competent husband may do all of those things, but the ordinary husband does only one or two of them. Most of the planning as well as most of the work he leaves to the wife.

Bird husbands are much the same. The male robin, for example, helps neither in building the mud and grass nest nor in brooding the light-blue eggs. While his mate labors at nest building he gathers luscious anglerworms in the plowed garden.

The male bluebird, on the other hand, is a persistent wooer and an ardent lover. He explores the neighborhood to find the home, and his mate follows him with becoming reluctance.

When he finds a suitable box he enthusiastically enters and feels that his suit is so far successful if she comes and peeps in at the door. When the choice has been made, she carries all the material for the nest, but as she gathers the dried grass he accompanies her back and forth with rapturous song and with such fascinating twinkling of wings as would ravish the heart of the most critical bird-bride.

The male house wren, with more vociferous ardor than the bluebird, pursues a somewhat different method. He arrives from the south several days before his bride-to-be. With a bluster of pretended industry he carries a few sticks into any and every place that might serve as a wren home. But when the little brown lady arrives and makes her choice his stick-gathering ceases. He leaves all the work to her and devotes himself to cheering her with ceaseless song and defending the place of her choice from intruders.

The mourning doves pursue a still different method. Since they are not singers, their love-making is a quiet billing and rather noisy cooing. When nest-building begins the female takes her position in the crotch of a tree where the nest is to be placed, and the male carries every bit of material to her. Root by root—the nest is made of roots—she places under her body each piece as he drops it beside her, literally building the nest under her body.

When the black-capped chickadees begin to

excavate their home in a decayed tree the male is as enthusiastic as the female and takes equal turns with her in the work of carrying out chips. But when the completed excavation is ready to be furnished with the new nest, the work of the male is done for the time being, and the female is left to carry in the nesting material alone.

When the rose-breasted grosbeak's shallow nest is securely placed in the crotch of a tree and the eggs have been duly laid the beautiful male humbly takes turns with his plainly dressed mate in brooding the eggs. And he seems to enjoy this feminine task, for he sings some of his most ecstatic songs while engaged in it.

But the male bird that must act both as husband and as wife is Wilson's phalarope, a bird of snipe-like form and habits. When the dusky eggs are laid in the well-hidden nest upon the upland prairie the mother bird seems to forsake the nest and leave all family cares to the husband. All the brooding is done by him, and his other half, whether better or worse, seems to take no further part in household affairs.

### A SLIP WITHOUT FALLING

**I**N Trefoil, which is Mr. A. C. Benson's biography of his father, an English college headmaster and later Archbishop of Canterbury, is an anecdote of Dr. Michell, long principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, of whom many amusing stories have been written.

We used to expect the coming of Dr. Michell at the school with great eagerness, writes Mr. Benson. We had a governess at one time, a Miss Marsh, and when she was introduced to Michell he said half to himself, "Any relation to my old friend the Bishop of Peterborough?"

Without waiting for an answer he went on to my father: "Did you ever look at old Marsh's sermons? I keep a volume at my bedside, and if I can't sleep I just read a few pages. The effect is instantaneous; in a few seconds I am buried in profound sleep."

"He was my great-uncle," said Miss Marsh, bridling a little, "and I always heard that his sermons were much admired."

"So they are, so they are," said the kind old man, "and for the best of reasons. Now did you ever look into them, Miss Marsh? Not very lately? Well, if you ever can't sleep, you give them a trial; and I'll tell you what I'll do: if they fail, you write to me, and I'll send you a volume of mine."

### A PERFECT SYSTEM

**T**HIS boss on a large construction job in western Canada was going over the accounts on pay day with the new timekeeper, who had been there only a week and was anxious to make a good impression. The pay checks were regular enough except that one showed one hour less than the rest.

"Look here," said the boss suspiciously. "I thought everybody put in full time last week."

"All except Abe Martin, the night watchman," the timekeeper answered. "He was off duty one hour Wednesday night."

"Man alive!" exclaimed the astonished boss. "That was the night Abe discovered the burglar setting fire to the commissary building after he had robbed the storekeeper's till. Why, didn't you hear about it? Everybody is calling Abe a hero, and," he whispered confidentially, "the railroad company is talking about rewarding him handsomely for what he did. If he hadn't captured the fellow, thousands of dollars' worth of supplies would have gone up in smoke."

"Yes, I know," agreed the timekeeper. "I estimated the loss and figured that it would have run into as much as this job is worth."

"And Abe chased the fellow up into the hills," the boss continued. "The fellow was desperate and took two or three shots at Abe. They struggled desperately before Abe finally overpowered him and forced him back to camp. It was fully an hour before he got him back too."

"Sure!" responded the timekeeper triumphantly. "I docked him for the time he was gone."



The male bluebird calling his mate to inspect a possible home

### ONLY AN ANTIQUE

**L**EOONIA, a colored maid, had a taste for lofty ideas and high-sounding words. One of the members of the family in which she served was a tall elderly lady of imposing figure and fine carriage.

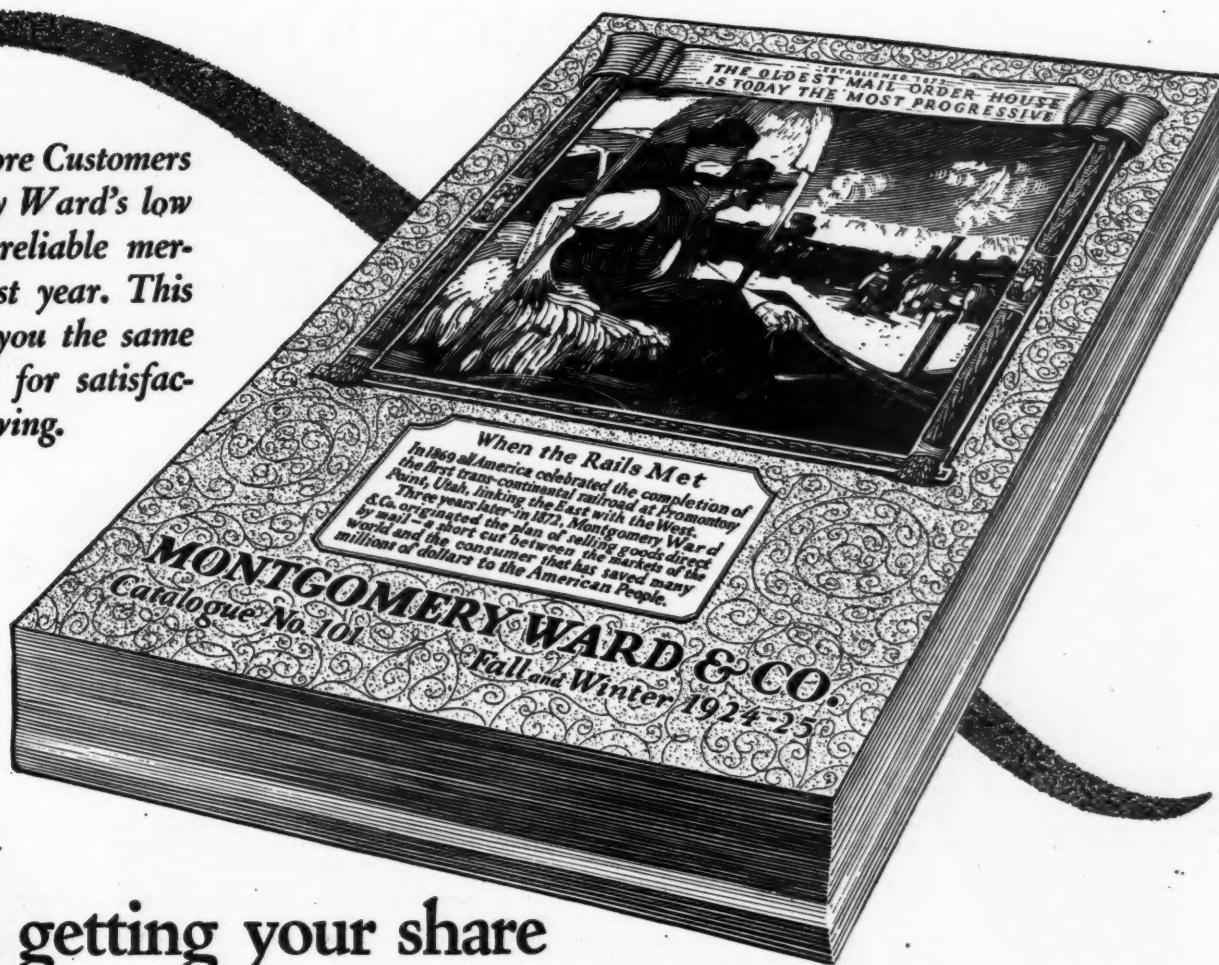
One day after Leonia had for perhaps the hundredth time expressed to the lady her great admiration for her handsome figure the object of her praises exclaimed, "Why do you say so much about my appearance, Leonia? I am only an antique."

"What is that?" asked Leonia in astonishment.

The lady explained to her.

"Well," Leonia burst forth, "if that is what you are now, you surely are a powerful indication of what you have been."

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# THE FARM DOG'S EDUCATION

By Don Cameron Shafer

**D**OGS that grow up untrained on the farm are a nuisance. Begin early with the fundamentals of an education; teach your dog his A B C's. He must learn to stay at home; and, if he is to live in the house, he must be taught his manners. He must learn to wear a collar, to be led and to be chained up without howling. He must not jump up and wipe his feet on you. He must not lick your face or the faces of your guests. After he has learned those things he is ready to be schooled in his farm work. He must be taught to keep the chickens out of the yards and the garden, to watch over the children, to guard the house and the barns, to go after the cows or the horses, to help with the sheep, to run the churn and to perform a number of other tasks.

Runaway dogs will get the owner into trouble sooner or later; it is silly to permit a dog to run away. Teaching him to stay at home on the farm is generally easy. If a dog is kept at home the first year of his life, he will seldom leave the place. But if he is allowed to run with other dogs, to go where he pleases, to be loose nights, he will become a town-lover, a stray, and you can never break him of the habit. Pups with a tendency to run away should be watched and chained and shut up nights until they acquire the habit of staying at home; they can be taught to stay quietly at home, unchained, even though the family go away. If a young dog runs to the village, get some one there to catch and whip him. That will make the dog think that the village is peopled with strange beasts that catch little dogs and hurt them, and he will stay away from it!

Do not allow other runaway dogs to come to your farm and take your dog away. They will try to do it. If your neighbor's dog is a runaway, insist that he keep him confined. You are within your rights in thus insisting. If, as so often happens, the dog that leads your own astray is a mongrel cur from the village, a shotgun loaded with fine shot will discourage him. But every now and then a dog becomes a tramp, and nothing will cure him except a good stout chain.

If a dog is to be allowed in the house, it is easy to teach him that he must stay in the kitchen or in the living room, even though the doors to all the other rooms are open. Always remember that you cannot reason and argue with a dog; you only talk at him, not to him. True enough, he soon learns to understand certain words and phrases such as, "Come here," "Fetch," "Go get the cows," and so forth, but when you ask a dog, "What did you do that for?" the effort is wasted. He cannot understand you. You have to show a dog what you want him to do. You must be patient until after long repetition you are sure he understands your words. The single word "kitchen" is enough, if understood, to tell the dog to stay in the kitchen or to go to the kitchen. To teach him you have to say the word over and over



and lead him to the kitchen and push him back into the kitchen when he tries to go into the dining room. Keep at it until he knows that "kitchen" means staying in that room. After he knows it, if he wanders about the house against orders, you may use a switch. But do not in any circumstances punish a dog unless you are positive the animal knows what you are punishing him for.

Remember that pups are nothing more than dog babies. People sometimes think that for some mysterious reason dogs are born with fully developed brains and understanding. They forget that a pup is just as helpless and ignorant as a baby. "Here, you, leave that rubber alone!" means no more to

a pup than the same order expressed in Russian would mean to the ordinary American. Neither would understand. So you must not whip a pup for failing to understand words that he does not know and never will know and for failing to understand things that you would not expect a baby to understand.

To begin with, if you expect to keep Laddie in the house, remember, as the German said, a pup "wants out." Winter or summer he wants to be outdoors a great deal. Don't wait for the poor thing to ask. Remember that he can't ask, because he hasn't yet learned how. He doesn't know what a door is. He doesn't know there is any such thing as asking for anything. Every hour or so put the dog out and leave him out; encourage him to play outdoors, to stay outdoors with the men and the children. The worst thing you can do to a pup is to keep him in the house too much. By being put out frequently the dog will easily form the habit of going outdoors; then the only thing left to teach him is to ask for the door to be opened. Sooner or later most dogs learn to ask for "out." The accepted rule is for a dog to scratch on the door with one foot, and soon all the doors in the house look like the "old scratch." If you shut the dog in the woodhouse and go to town, when you return he will have all the doors scratched thin! A few dogs learn to bark of their own free will when they want to go out. That is the ideal way. But how teach it to the pup?

When you feed the pup hold the dish so he can see and smell the food, but cannot reach it. He should be very hungry. Say to him, "Speak! Speak!" And as soon as he begins to yap and bark and whine give it to him, not before. In a few lessons he will learn to "speak" for his dinner. Now let one of the children or the master go outdoors, calling the dog, but shutting the door in his face. Of course the dog will want to get out. Open the door a crack and say, "Speak! Speak!" He knows vaguely what that means. Keep at it until he barks; then open the door and let him out. That's all there is to it. Some dogs learn it the first lesson. Others take longer, especially if they are young. All you need is patience.

If the dog is to sleep in the house, the task of training him becomes all the more difficult. It is obviously impossible to get up three or four times in the night just to see if the dog wants to go out—and usually he doesn't! Out the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, but don't expect too much of small pups. I have had great success with a specially designed sleeping box fitted with a slatted cover. The box is large enough for the dog to lie down in and stretch out comfortably, but it is not high enough for him to stand up in when the cover is down. The box is kept partly filled with clean hay, because hay makes the dog smell clean. He is taught to sleep in the box; the slatted cover shuts down and fastens. Then you can go to bed knowing where the dog is and that he isn't up to any mischief. The last place any animal wants to soil is its own bed. A dog will bark a long time for some one to come and let it out of such a box. Moreover, dogs get to love a hay bed of that sort; they will sleep there in the daytime. The box should be kept in the woodhouse winter and summer. When the dog has grown up and learned his lesson there will be no need to shut the cover. The bark of any dog asking to go out is different from the bark of alarm. You will easily recognize it.

One of the first things to teach a dog is that he must wear a collar. Don't get a big, heavy piece of leather. A narrow little strap half an inch wide will do. He won't like it, but keep the collar on, and he will soon get used to it. The round-leather collars are neatest and best for all long-haired dogs. But don't buy a good collar until the dog has his growth, or you may discover some day that the nice new collar is too small!

Next teach the dog to lead. Snap a chain on the collar and lead him round a little. Coax him, don't drag him. When he has

learned to walk beside you on the chain without struggling or hanging back it is time to teach him to be chained up. Fasten the chain to a table leg in the kitchen where you are working, so that the dog will have company. Don't chain the pup all alone out in the yard. There is time enough for that when he has learned about the mysterious thing that holds him in one place. He won't mind it half so much if you are near. Do not use rope or string; he will soon learn to gnaw it through or to break it. One thing to remember: never, never unchain the dog just because he cries and barks and you feel sorry for him. To do so will teach him that,

overalls, but he will certainly do it some time when you have on your Sunday best, and he will do it to guests when the roads are muddy. When the pup jumps up rap his knuckles sharply with a small stick or a lead pencil, and he will soon learn to keep his paws off your person. A licking dog is a pest. Chuck him lightly under the chin when the red tongue comes out, and he will stop.

Never shout at a dog. Speak in a low voice. Their ears are keen; they can hear better than you can. In all these instructions you should avoid intimidating the dog. This applies particularly to collies, all of

which are very sensitive. And, being sensitive, they are of course responsive to praise. Be patient, show them again and again. Once they learn a thing they never forget it.

Teaching the collie how to handle the stock is easiest of all, because you have all the dog's natural instincts to help you. It is his nature to love cattle, horses and sheep. It is in his blood to drive and herd them. If left entirely alone, six out of ten collies will make good stock dogs. In most cases their owners immediately ruin them. Who has not seen a farm hand take a young pup into the pasture—a pup never even yard-broken—and "sic" him on the cows

and the next moment, when the stock begin to run, yell and stone the dog? Some one truly said that in order to train a dog you have to know more than the dog!

Begin by taking the yard-broken dog (taught to keep in, to "whoa" and to sit down) with you to drive the cows. Never yell at the dog. Don't get him excited. Speak slowly and firmly. Scold him a little if he is wrong; praise him when he is right. Walk slowly behind the cows, keeping the dog near you. If a cow stops, let him bark at her heels, but call him in quickly when the cow starts along. Indicate by voice and arm when he is to turn a cow back into the herd. Go with him and help the first few times. Show him what you want done and how you want it done. Make a game of it. As the lessons progress from day to day you can lag a bit farther back and permit the dog to do more and more. Gradually as he learns he will take over the entire task.

When the dog has learned how to drive cows, and not until then, encourage him to go on ahead and get the herd. Stay back a little. By and by you need only go down to the barn, and then after a while all that will be necessary is to say, "Go get the cows!"

PHOTOGRAPHING AN EXPLOSIVE

**I**T may seem odd that anyone should be willing to pay money to learn how fast the flash from an explosion travels. But, being naturally interested to prevent fire within their buildings, factory owners want to know, and the Underwriters' Laboratories are glad to find out for them. The problem of photographing flashes traveling at a speed of twenty thousand feet a second—so we learn from Mr. Harry Chase Brearley in *A Symbol of Safety*—requires special photographic films, for no ordinary film is sensitive enough to record light traveling at such tremendous speed.

The explosion chamber for the photographic tests is a steel tube four inches in diameter on the inside and ten feet long, surrounded by thick hardened steel walls. At either end a narrow slit two inches long is covered with a thick quartzite lens that communicates with a periscope attachment that in turn conveys the light to specially-built cameras. The backs of the cameras, which are placed opposite each other, are formed by a motor-driven cylinder two feet in diameter, driven at a speed of seventeen hundred revolutions a minute. Round the cylinder is wound the photographic film, which passes before the cameras at a speed of approximately two miles a minute.

The flash from the explosion as it becomes visible at the nearest edge of the slit in the steel cylinder is reflected on one edge of the film. As it travels across the slit it prints a corresponding line across the film—at an angle owing to the speed at which the film revolves. A corresponding photograph is made when the flash passes the slit in the other end of the tube ten feet away. By measuring the angles of the two photographs it becomes possible, since the speed of the film is known, to calculate the speed of the flash.

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### AUTOINTOXICATION

**C**HRONIC constipation is perhaps the most common of all the ills to which civilized man is subject; and it is probably a cause of many other ills through the poisonous effect of the waste products of digestion. It is fair to say, however, that some authorities deny that there is such a thing as autointoxication. They believe that the symptoms ascribed to it are the result of an entirely different cause, one that hinges about the torpid state of the bowels as well as the disorders that are usually regarded as the result of poison absorbed from the intestines. They support their opinion by citing the indisputable fact that many people who suffer from chronic constipation show none of the symptoms of autointoxication.

Those on the other side of the question admit the fact, but they explain it in two ways. First, poisons formed in the intestinal tract are not always the same; any one of a number of chemical substances may be formed and absorbed; one will give rise to certain symptoms, another to quite different symptoms. It is not unusual for a person to complain of a lame back or rapidly failing eyesight or disturbed heart action or some other ailment that on investigation proves to be the result of intestinal trouble.

The second point is that the absorption may be greater or less in degree, according to the part of the large intestine in which the stagnation of waste matter occurs. When it is in the terminal portion there is little absorption; but when it is in the beginning of the large intestine just beyond its junction with the small bowel absorption occurs readily, and clearly marked symptoms of autointoxication arise. The symptoms are at first those which are usually referred to as "biliousness"; namely, headache, loss of appetite, slight nausea, a coated tongue, a sensation of fullness in the abdomen, blurred vision, and a general feeling of *malaise*. Sometimes there is discomfort on the right side of the abdomen low down, and the patient fears appendicitis. Sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the trouble persists, the patient becomes anaemic and sometimes jaundiced, and he may even drift into a state of neurasthenia. The remedy is of course to overcome the torpidity of the bowel. The means to employ will be considered in another article.

### ENJOYING AN OPPONENT

**A**s the meeting broke up Laura and Peggy left together and walked a block in silence.

"Well?" said Peggy at last. "Speak up, Laura! How about it?"

"I've nothing to say," replied Laura. "Ruth was perfectly right. My idea was absurd; that point I'd overlooked was fundamental. And the way Ruth showed it up and her imaginary burlesque committee trying to carry my plan into effect—of course, it was wildly funny, and I'm not surprised that everybody laughed. Not in the least!"

"Really?" inquired Peggy, squeezing an unresponsive arm. "Quite sure? Everybody?"

Laura blinked and made no reply.

"Because," said Peggy, "there's such an *Et tu, Brute* look about you I rather thought you thought I oughtn't to have smiled through all the fun; and if I didn't smile, it was only because I laughed until I cried instead. When Ruth lets herself go like that she's a wonder."

"I've always admitted she was our most brilliant speaker," Laura said stiffly. "Of course you laughed."

"But of course I oughtn't, your tone implies. Well, I'm sorry you're feeling sore, Laura, but I'm not going to take without protest any reproach against my loyalty as your friend! No, indeed, my dear! And I'm not going to explain and soothe and plead either! Caesar or Napoleon or Foch or somebody says an offensive is always the best defense, so—Yes, I did laugh. Why didn't you?"

"Why didn't I?" echoed Laura, frankly amazed.

"Yes! Why didn't you? Ruth didn't ridicule you personally or say anything sarcastic or unkind; she differed from you in opinion and showed up a scheme of yours as unpractical and did it in the most effective and at the same time the most hilariously amusing way. You'd naturally feel at first a little stab of disappointment, perhaps mortification, that you'd overlooked something essential; but you've achieved too many good things for the club before to have any reason to be overwhelmed. You needn't have let it paralyze your intellectual appreciation of a speech you'd have simply revelled in if it had been aimed at somebody else's ideas!"

"If!" repeated Laura expressively. "Quite big if I should say!"

"Big enough to be insurmountable to a petty spirit, I dare say," conceded Peggy. "But your best friend doesn't think it should have been insurmountable to you. You're not petty, Laura. I'm perfectly sure you're not. You were taken by surprise, that's all. You—Oh, here we are! Come in, do. There's something I want to read you. It's from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Recollections that I was dipping into only yesterday. It tells how once a young girl was walking among the Westmoreland mountains with Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, and the younger poet happened to say something too modern and progressive to suit the old Tory Wordsworth, who burst into a perfect stream of indignant contradiction and denunciation. He wasn't in the least careful of Arnold's feelings, and the girl held her breath and wondered what would happen. Nothing happened. Wordsworth stormed himself out and presently left them for his cottage at a parting of the ways. She and Arnold walked on together in silence until suddenly Arnold threw back his head with a laugh of delight and said, 'What beautiful English the old man talks!' The two girls looked into each other's eyes a moment, smiling, and Laura surrendered.

"I was a goose," she admitted, "a silly, sensitive, petty-minded goose! But at least it's not too late for me to run across to Ruth's this evening and say every sort of nice thing I can think of about her speech, except only that I enjoyed it, and I'm honestly ashamed that I can't say that."

### LIVELY POLLYPOPS

**T**HE African game of which Mr. T. Alexander Barnes was primarily in search, as he relates in his recent interesting book Across the Great Craterland to the Congo, was nothing more dangerous than butterflies. However, two wild creatures that were brought him as captives early in the course of his adventures soon became accepted members of the expedition and cherished pets; they were a monkey named Ticky, and a gray parrot named Pollypops. Both were affectionate but temperamental.

"They did keep us amused," says Mr. Barnes. "The monkey and the parrot were internally jealous of each other, and there was a never-ending feud between them. Neither would give ground when they met, or when one invaded the other's territory. My wife would sometimes give Ticky an empty spool to play with, or some nuts or a corncob. Pollypops would spy them from her perch and come down and waddle across to Ticky's playground. The attack would then commence by the monkey's getting a nip on its long tail from the parrot, followed by a back kick in return. Sometimes Ticky would give way, leaving Polly to examine her treasures; at other times the bird would retire in disgust, having been toppled over in the fray, and, hanging by one toe to the tent ropes, would squawk as if she were being killed.

"The cage containing Pollypops was usually carried on a native's head when we were travelling, from which position she would whistle gayly as the cage swayed precariously along. Nothing daunted, she had a happy way when we were all dog-tired or otherwise crestfallen or when a heavy thunderstorm was approaching or cheering us up with her lively chatter or whistling.

"Polly was allowed much freedom outside her cage, but to prevent her escape her wing feathers were periodically clipped. Once this precaution was delayed too long, and a tragedy nearly occurred. The party were aboard the Belgian steamer Baron Dhanis, on Lake Tanganyika.

"The first I knew about it all was a cry from the cook: 'Kasuku nakwenda kutali!'—the parrot is going into the water! I was for'ard talking to the captain and on looking up saw to my horror our one and only kasuku flying boldly out to sea!

"Seeing immediately that the worst had happened, the captain and I, running to the ship's side, shouted below for the cook and boat boys: 'Hi, you there! The small boat, quick! Quick! Kasuku nakwenda ku Tanganyika!' Five francs for the boy who rescues it! I yelled to the boatmen, who were soon pulling round the ship preparatory to starting the pursuit. We could see our faithless bird about a quarter of a mile away skimming the water with a last effort, only to fall with a little splash into the lake. We gave up all thought of ever seeing our pet again; with the ship's company all in an excited cluster we hung over the rail watching. Would the bird float? Looking hard, we could just make her out, a gray speck on the water. Yes, she was still there.

"But she's coming back!" some one exclaimed.

"Impossible, my dear man; parrots can't swim," said I.

"But she is, I tell you—there she comes!

"Sure enough, Pollypops was coming home. Splashing over the water at an amazing rate and using her wings as propellers, she was half-way to the ship before the astonished boatmen had more than just left it. We dried our priceless pet at the galley fire—and after that got to work on her wing with the scissors."

### TREASURED UTTERANCES

**T**HE words of famous personages, addressed to mere ordinary mortals or overheard by them, naturally are remembered, though they are often in themselves comically unworthy of remembrance. Authors and orators, even those who are most impressively capable of what Scott called "doing the big bow-wow" in print or on great occasions, must often descend to small talk—sometimes indeed to talk quite microscopically unimportant. In Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's recent book, Remembered Yesterdays, he relates an interview that his grandmother once had with Henry Clay while they were standing together by chance on the church steps while the congregation were dispersing.

"I understand, Mrs. Underwood," said Mr. Clay, "that you are the mother of seven children."

The lady deprecatingly owned to five or six.

"I want to tell you something very important," said Mr. Clay. "I want to impress on you that when a child has washed his face it is most important that in order to strengthen the sight the eyes should be wiped toward the nose."

A group of young girls standing near the main staircase at a reception attended by Daniel Webster—so one of them related in her old age—saw the great man, with his thunderous brows drawn above his deep-set dark eyes, slowly make his way down from the dressing rooms and speak to his hostess. They listened breathlessly for memorable words.

"Mrs. X," he said, "it is very dim at the turn of the upper hall, and I have just stepped on something there. There were others pressing forward from behind me, and I did not pause; but it must have been, from the sensation I experienced as my foot descended upon it, either a lady's muff or a cat. If it was a cat, I trust its demise will not grieve you deeply."

Fortunately, it proved to have been only a muff; but half a dozen girls for the rest of their lives could not recall the impressive figure of Webster to mind without seeing a cat under his foot—"like St. George stepping on the squirming dragon in old prints," as the narrator put it.

At her first dinner party, when she was only fifteen years old, an English girl, Louisa Courtenay, who lived well into her nineties, was seated near Wordsworth and next to Southey. She was of course eagerly attentive, awaiting the high discourse of the two poets. Wordsworth ate solemnly and did not talk at all; Southey too addressed himself gravely and exclusively to his roast mutton. There was a dish of laver—a kind of water cress—to accompany it; this was set immediately in front of little Miss Courtenay, and after waiting to see whether it was to be passed and finding that it was not she ventured timidly to help herself.

"Young lady," said Southey, "I am glad to see that you appreciate laver. Give me some."

She did so, and he relapsed into a silence that remained unbroken till the end of the meal."

### BY THE CLOCK

**I**LYBEL, the eggs are hard again, and you know the children aren't allowed to eat hard boiled eggs," protested an exasperated housekeeper recently to her colored cook. "How is it that you can't seem to learn such a simple thing as how to boil an egg soft?"

"Ah don' know, Mis' Gray," protested Lilybel, amiably distressed. "Ah sure does try ter have dem aiga de way you wants 'em; ah sure does. Ah looks at de clock de whole time dey's bilin', so's de hand won't get away fum me. Ah cain't guess how come dey's hard-boiled hand 'nless 'twas ah kep' my eyes on de hour hand 'stid ob de minute hand, Mis' Gray."

An excuse hardly more acceptable was that offered by Hannah, a Scandinavian of some experience in America, for Hilda, her sister, but newly arrived, who was employed in the same household. Hilda had boiled the eggs too hard.

"It is because she vor always too slow," explained Hannah apologetically. "She hov always take Heedla ten minutes to boil hers eggs three minutes."

### HE FILLED THE LANDSCAPE

**A**rgonaut, a very stout man struggled into a carriage and sank into a seat, breathing heavily. A small boy who sat opposite appeared to be fascinated. His gaze eventually began to annoy the stout man, who demanded angrily, "Why are you staring at me?"

"Please, sir," replied the boy, "there's nowhere else to look!"

October 9, 1924

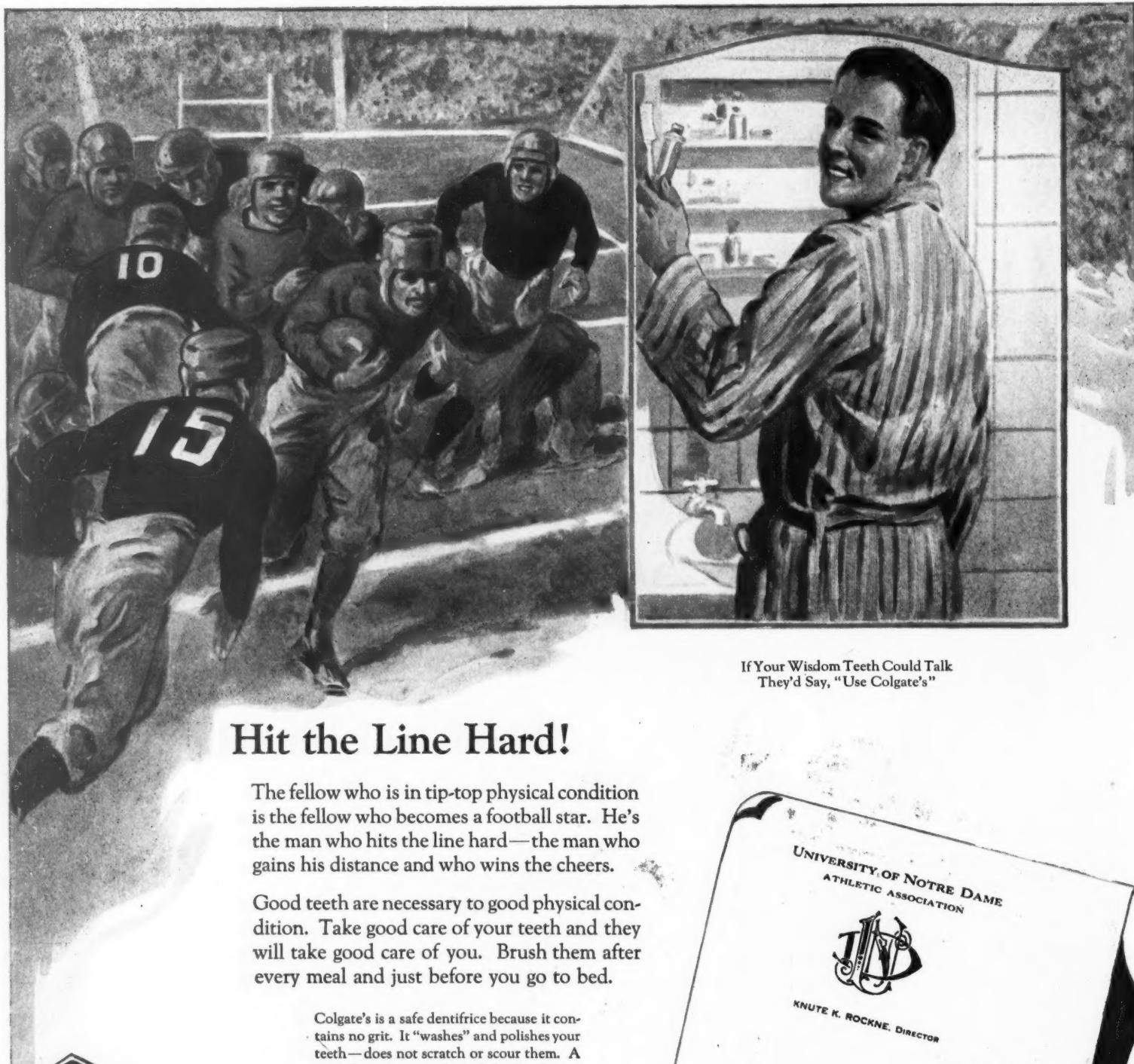
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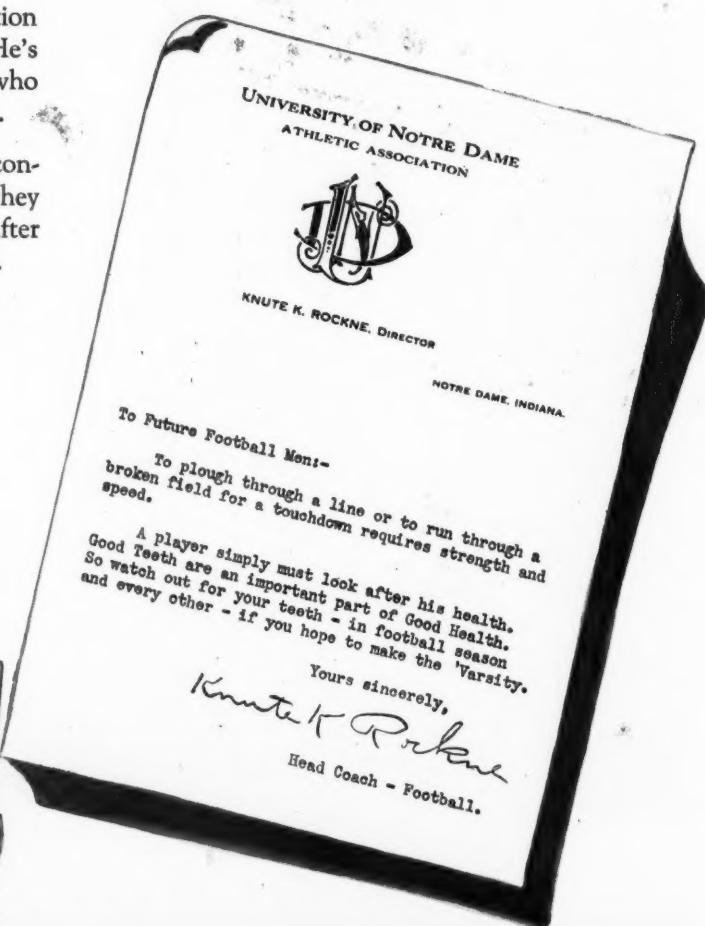
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